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THE LIVING AGE

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WHAT IS HAPPENING IN GERMANY?

DEMOCRACY OR SOVIETS

In Germany, as in so many places, there is a struggle going on between the old ideas of political democracy and the idea of the Soviet or industrial democratic system which is connected with the Bolshevik revolution in Russia. The strikes and bloodshed which took place in Germany during the week March 1-8, subsequent events, and the proposals for the 'socialization of industry,' can only be properly understood in the light of this conflict.

The revolution in Germany brought into existence two groups of bodies claiming authority:

(1) *Political Democratic Bodies of the old type.* — The most important of these is the Central Government for the whole Empire of Germany, with Ebert as President, and Scheidemann as Premier. It derives its authority from the National Assembly, elected by universal equal suffrage. It is supported by the various States' Governments, *e.g.*, Prussia and Saxony.

(2) *Industrial or Soviet Bodies.* — Workers' Councils or Soviets were formed all over Germany in the early days of the revolution, in imitation of the Bolshevik system. These Soviets are grouped in a National, Central, or Pan-German Congress of Soviets. The Soviets of Berlin are grouped in a special Congress of their own, which has assumed a more than local authority.

The struggle between the political government and the Soviets began very early. Attempts were made to play off the Congress of Soviets against the National Assembly. They collapsed at the Congress held on December 16th, when the majority voted for the holding of a National Assembly, and an Executive Committee, consisting of Majority Socialists, was elected to work with the government. But the conflict was not over. The 'Spartacists,' or, as they are more properly called, the Communists, continued to demand the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' and a 'Soviet Republic.'

The course of the struggle has been a gradual weakening of the Central Government and the Majority Socialists before the violent tactics of the Spartacists. At first the Majority relegated the Soviets to purely 'social tasks,' and denied them any political

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functions. They replied to the new ideas only with the unimpeachable but, to the Spartacists, well worn doctrine of democracy, which they interpret as government by simple majority, resting on equal and universal franchise. Having struggled desperately for seventy years to obtain democracy, they, not unnaturally, think there must be something in it. Thus a certain amount of emotion goes into their argument. But democracy is what the Spartacists scorn. Accordingly, the two sides have been simply arguing over each others' heads. There has not been a single article in *Vorwärts* dealing with the new idea of the right of 'the conscious and active' minority to direct the unconscious mass. In Germany, as everywhere else, there has been a refusal to try to understand the new point of view on its merits, and the Soviet system, as such, has been condemned, owing to the terrible methods used by those who propose to put it into practice.

Thus in the Project for a Constitution, elaborated with such care by Hugo Preuss on behalf of the government, the Soviet was not mentioned. At the opening of the National Assembly on January 26th, neither Ebert nor Scheidemann gave a word to the new institutions; and in the columns of *Vorwärts*, Friedrich Stampfer, quite the best Majority Socialist leader-writer, and not a particularly narrow-minded man, relegated the Soviets to functions of a mild trade unionism. At the Congress of Trades Union leaders themselves, on February 1st and 2d at Berlin, Legien, the chairman (who, of course, stands very much to the Right), objected to the whole Soviet system on general grounds. The organization of workers by factory and not by craft, he argued, would gradually split the unity of trade unionism, so laboriously built up; it made wages depend on the solvency of the single works, thus throwing away all that had been gained in the course of decades by teaching the strong to support the weak. The only body which has made any attempt to discuss the question has been the Independents. But that party seems absolutely paralyzed by internal strife, and at its recent party meeting (Berlin, March) really offered no new views at all, Haase adopting, quite uncritically, the curious though important suggestions floated by Kaliski.

The following resolution, proposed by Däumig* (the rival to Haase within the Independent Party), and passed by 492 to 362 votes at the second Congress of Berlin Soviets on January 31st, shows the growing resentment even then felt at the failure of the Central Government to take adequate account of the Soviet system:

(Summary.) The resolution declares the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils to be the agents of our revolutionary success; they are threatened with serious danger. The bureaucracy of the old régime is resisting them actively and passively, the capitalist employer is coming more and more to refuse recognition to the Councils; the National Assembly has a strong hostile majority, and will misuse its power to suppress the Councils. In the Project for the Constitution the Councils were not even mentioned, which means that the constitution of the new Germany was to be built on a bourgeois-democratic foundation with no proletarian coloring. The Workers' and Soldiers' Councils would be grossly neglecting their duty to the workers were they to allow themselves to be suppressed without a word. [Then the resolution continues verbatim:]

'The Plenary Meeting of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils of Berlin and outer Berlin, and of the local Workers' and Soldiers' Councils of the Berlin munici-

*Reported to have been arrested by the Central Government on March 31st for inciting to the January riots; but again reported to have been set free.

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palities addresses to all Workers' and Soldiers' Councils in Germany a challenge to fight with them shoulder to shoulder against either open or secret suppression.'

The resolution ends with a demand for another Congress of Councils of all Germany (like that of December 16th), to be called not later than February. [This Council was actually called for April 8th.]

[From *Vorwärts*, February 1st.]

The first attack of the Spartacists upon the Government was in January. It was a failure. The attitude of the Government toward the Soviets and the new ideas remained the same right up to the outbreak of March 1-8. But there is evidence that the Soviet idea had by no means been killed. At Munich, after the murder of Eisner, the pure 'Soviet Republic' was immediately declared. And even among the Majority Socialist supporters of the Central Government, there were signs of a movement for recognizing and utilizing the Councils as 'social political' bodies. Thus the following proposals of a Majority Socialist Kaliski were circulated on February 28th at the opening of the Congress of Berlin Councils and printed with some approving comments by *Vorwärts*:

The idea of the Soviet must be carried out within the framework of democracy. The democratic system of Soviets must be a permanent part of the constitution. It represents the nation's working power. While a Parliament, which is elected by universal, equal, direct, and secret franchise, represents the population on a numerical basis, the Chamber of Work, built up on the Soviet system, represents the nation's productive force and its creative power. In a Parliament, elected by universal, equal, direct, and secret franchise, all citizens are represented without regard to their particular functions; it is representative of formal democracy. The Chamber of Work represents the creative powers of each class in proportion to their importance in the community, *i.e.*, it is the framework of socialism.

Every body which is elected by general suffrage receives its [corresponding] Chamber of Work. The united German Republic is built up, from the bottom upward, through self-administering communes, districts, provinces, countries; together they form the realm. In each of these political bodies mentioned Parliament is the ruler, supplemented by a Chamber of Work.

The functions of the Chamber of Work are: The elaboration and testing of all laws of an industrial kind; permanent investigation into industrial progress, together with the right of initiative in the socialization of particular branches of industry. A law to be valid needs the assent of both Houses [Parliament and Chamber of Work]. If Parliament has three times passed a Bill unaltered, it becomes law with or without the assent of the Chamber of Work. Both Houses have the right to demand a referendum.

Further, the Chambers of Work represent the workers on questions of production in the Councils of Work; these are to be set up for all trades. Those Councils of Work which have already been set up, in which Employers' Unions are coöperating with Trades Unions, are bodies designed to regulate questions of employment. They must now also become bodies representative of production, in which responsibility will be shared between employers and workers. For this purpose the workers will be represented through the Soviets. The Council of Work is the understructure of socialism.

[*From Vorwärts*, March 1st, evening edition.]

The position at the end of February, therefore, was that the Soviet idea had made considerable headway, and that the demand for some kind of 'recognition' of the Workers' Councils was widespread. The government still resisted the demand. The General Strike which led to the Spartacist outbreak began on March 3d. We shall give an account of its origin and development. But before doing so, it is important to note that the Central Government, on March 1st, when it was too late, attempted to prevent the outbreak by a half concession to the Soviet idea. The following manifesto was issued on March 1st at Weimar, and afterwards placarded all over Berlin: it will be

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seen that the government, after announcing that it will 'stand or fall on the principles of democracy,' and that 'political power belongs solely to the freely chosen representatives of the people and the government who enjoy their confidence,' goes on to promise the development of 'the organizations which belong to industrial democracy':

Weimar, March 1st. The Government of the Realm announces:

While National Assembly and Government of the Realm, in full consciousness of their duty, are at work on the great task which the free German nation has put into their hands, namely, the founding of the Republic on a democratic basis, industrial and political anarchy is threatening to convulse the Realm. Groups whose faith is in terrorism desire to set aside that National Assembly which has been the outcome of the freest of all franchises. Any means, are, in their eyes, legitimate. They are trying to isolate Weimar from the rest of Germany and by this means to render both Government of the Realm and National Assembly powerless

As against this we declare:

Nothing must impede the voting of the constitution. The work of the National Assembly in dealing with political and industrial needs must not be hindered. This work is to bring us peace. We are absolutely determined to secure these vital necessities.

It is a libel of the most dangerous character when the violent instigators of riot assert that National Assembly and Government of the Realm have shirked their pressing duties, have turned a deaf ear to events all over the country, or even are seeking to cheat the workers of the fruits of the revolution.

We stand and fall on the principles of democracy. Political power belongs solely to the freely chosen representatives of the people and the government who enjoy their confidence. The right which the German people has to determine its own destiny must be protected against all violence at home no less than abroad.

Even greater than our political danger is the desperate industrial condition of our country.

We cannot feed ourselves from our own supplies until the next harvest. The blockade is eating into the vitals of our nation. Thousands die of starvation every day. The stoppage in the production of coal is most alarming. Numerous factories are shut down. A vast army of unemployed has arisen. Every day new lines of railway stop running. The small residuum of our usable locomotives can no longer deal with even the most essential part of our transport.

Thus the first commandment reads:

To work!

Only work can save us. Every strike leads us one step nearer the abyss.

As in all previous negotiations with the workers' representatives, so also to-day we declare:

Industrial democracy is in our eyes as important as political democracy. Industrial democracy alone is able to bring to birth and to keep operative all such forces as can prevent our complete ruin. We are engaged in the process of creating the code of an industrial democracy, of creating a uniform, socialist, workers' charter on a basis of freedom. We shall develop the organizations which belong to industrial democracy, *e.g.*, the works' committees, as we have already proposed in our negotiations with the miners of the Ruhr district and from Halle; these must be representative of all workers, and elected by the freest franchise. We shall attain what is the aim of industrial democracy, namely, the constitutional factory on a democratic basis. All this will be done in connection with the socialization of industry, in those branches (above all mining and the production of power), which are suited to pass under public management, or under a joint industrial management, or can be put under public control.*

Work is to be a social duty in the new Germany; idleness and the pleasure-seeking life of a drone must be suppressed and exterminated by every possible means. Forward, then, along the path of organic constructive work.

But we shall suppress without mercy wild attempts at socialization, terrorism, and violence against the workers, armed revolt, and disintegration of the realm. Every human life is sacred in our eyes. The revolution does not license robbery, murder, or violence of any kind. The life of the people stands above everything else.

* Apparently three degrees of control are indicated, (*a*) control, or supervision only, by public authorities, (*b*) 'joint' management, *i.e.*, divided between public and 'industrial' authorities, (*c*) complete public management; the most complete process is mentioned first.

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Whoever sins against it is our enemy, and the strong arm of the law shall reach him.

After four years of terrible war, with their vast disturbances of the values of civilization and their oceans of blood, we do not want the terrors of civil war to ruin our country as well, with its murderous fight between brother and brother, with all its hatred and destruction. Peace at home and abroad, reconstruction and rebirth, these are what our suffering people long for.

An enormous majority of twenty-two millions of electors called us to assume the government of the realm. Stand by us, as we by you! Let the whole nation unite with us against violence, annihilation, and collapse. If we are united, our future is safe.

From *Vorwärts*, March 2d.]

On the same day on which this manifesto was issued (Saturday, March 1st), the Berlin Soviets met under the Chairmanship of Hermann Müller, a foolish and incompetent man, who seems quite incapable of maintaining order in these huge and unruly meetings. The speaking was, as usual, very confused. Suddenly a 'deputation' from Hennigsdorf marched in (said to have been engineered by the Spartacists); six men in workmen's clothes marched on to the platform, 'theatrically,' as *Vorwärts* notes in disgust, and demanded the General Strike in the name of the 7,000 whom they 'represented.' No resolution was passed, and the meeting proceeded to vote for the new Executive Committee, when, unfortunately, it was found that the hall was required to be cleared for a fancy dress ball — dancing is as much a craze in Berlin as in London. Müller suggested that the meeting should dissolve, and leave the result of the voting to be announced in the press. A great tumult arose; half the meeting left the hall with Müller, and half stayed behind. This latter half, the Communists, probably decided on the General Strike then and there. In any case, Sunday is a dangerous day in Berlin, and when the meeting met again on Monday, and was once more debating the General Strike, and once more inconclusively, news came that the General Strike had actually broken out that morning in the Berlin factories. At 2.20 P.M. on Monday, March 3d, the General Strike for Germany was put to the vote by show of hands, and 400 hands were lifted for, 125 against, while 200 persons (Majority Socialists) could not make up their minds.

The following exceptions from the operation of the General Strike were made: food supply, fire stations, hospitals, infirmaries, etc., gas works, water works, funerals, invalid insurance offices; but not transport, which was to be maintained only in so far as necessary to the organization of the strike. *Vorwärts* sarcastically observes that having determined on the strike, the meeting then looked round for some reasons, and put together the following: the 'Seven Hamburg Points,'* freedom for all political prisoners, including Ledebour† and Radek, abolition of the courts-martial ('None have been set up to abolish' — Editor, *Vorwärts*), immediate relations with the Moscow Bolshevik Government, dissolution of the Volunteer Corps.‡ To these were added a demand for the trial of those guilty of causing the war, passed with enthusiasm, but when others wished to add a demand for the trial of the 'traitors' Scheidemann and Ebert, Müller 'very prudently' declared the show of hands insufficient. The meeting ended with a violent quarrel between the Majority and the Communists, who refused to sit on the same Strike Committee. No strike pay was issued during the strike.

*These are objections to some of the measures taken by Noske to limit the powers of the Soldiers' Councils.

†Arrested during the January Spartacus riots.

‡Corps of volunteers against the Spartacist outbreaks.

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At this point the Prussian Government declared the State of Siege in Berlin, in virtue of which, Noske, as Minister for Defense, issued orders forbidding any open-air meetings, allowing indoor meetings only by license, permitting the issue of no new papers except by license, and setting up courts-martial for treason, murder, riot, mutiny, incitement to mutiny, robbery, plunder, blackmail, arson, interference with the transport service. The attitude of *Vorwärts* (practically the government organ) is one of only qualified approval of these measures; in fact, it exerted itself, not without success, to take up a mediating position between the various groups and declared its intention of doing its best to 'secure an honorable issue for this sufficiently confused movement.' On March 3d it was reduced to a single sheet for its morning edition, consisting of two appeals, which illustrate very well the varying aims of different groups.

The first 'Appeal' issued by the conservative wing of the Majority Party, condemns the General Strike altogether, and is as follows:

Madness and crime are pursuing their course through the German countries. Unless a halt be called to their insane fury, the German working class will be digging its own grave.

The political mass strike was a proper weapon in the hands of the exploited as long as the worker groaned under the political yoke of the Junker and capitalist. Since the decisive days of November it has lost all meaning. Since then political equality and democracy have been in force. Since then the working classes have in their hands other means in order to enforce their will in legislation. Since then every political mass strike cuts into the flesh of the workers themselves.

In order to carry through the democratic and socialist aims of the German working classes, it is really not necessary that any single worker should join in a strike. To-day every political mass strike is useless to the German worker; it only serves the German capitalist. The employer daily rubs his hands for joy over every day of strike, for which he need pay no wages. In these times of industrial paralysis and dearth of raw material nothing could be more pleasing to him than that the workers should leave the works *en masse*. Every mass strike to-day helps to feed the capitalist and weakens the worker.

Moreover, it strengthens the foreign imperialists and annexationists, who long to throttle German industry, to force the German workmen to emigrate and then to turn them into their slaves. Every political mass strike sharpens the blockade, makes our hunger more acute, increases our privations, and thrusts thousands of Germans into misery. The complete interruption in transport cuts off milk from the towns, food supplies, light, warmth, even water. Besides women and children, men and the aged collapse in their weakness. These are *your* men and your aged, your women and children, who are thus being murdered. Is this what you want?

No, a thousand times no. You recognize the suicidal element in this confused and wild movement. Defend yourselves at last! Do not allow a handful of armed fanatics to tempt you by violence or by hypocritical promises to come out of the factories. Answer their disgraceful attempts by systematic and energetic opposition; do not sink into being the hirelings of these bankrupts of the old system.

We did not expel the old tyrants in the days of November in order to submit to a new tyranny in the days of March. Down with the tyrants! Forward democracy! Forward socialism!

The Executive of the German Social Democratic Party.
The Parliamentary Social Democratic Party.

[From *Vorwärts*, March 3d, morning edition.]

The Berlin Socialists printed immediately underneath this appeal of the Parliamentary Socialist Party against the strike, another appeal of their own, which shows a much better understanding of the situation. In this appeal the following passage occurs:

. . . We understand the impatience [which has seized on the Berlin working class populations]. We are of opinion that

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after such a tremendous revolutionary upheaval there is need of quick work, in order to secure for all time the aims of the revolution in politics and in industry. . . . We demand that the position of the Works', District, and Central Workers' Councils should be constitutionally regulated. Extensive powers must be handed over to these Workers' Councils enabling them to take part in decisions affecting the regulation of labor conditions and the control of production. Their opinion must be taken on all proposed social, political, and industrial legislation, and they must have the right to initiate such legislation of their own accord. They must also receive the right to coöperate in the socialization of productive branches of industry and in the control of socialized factories.

[From *Vorwärts*,
March 3d, morning edition.]

It was probably this more radical group of Berlin Majority Socialists, who, at the notorious meeting of March 3d, expressed themselves as not on principle against the General Strike, but asked that it should be made a matter for plebiscite in the factories; their request was simply disregarded. Nevertheless, they seem to have taken matters into their own hands with some energy, and sent a deputation to Weimar, which, on the Thursday, negotiated with the government the following very important 'concessions'; these were undoubtedly of great influence in ending the strike. It will be seen that the government offered to recognize the Soviet system in so far as the Workers' Councils are to be an integral part of, or incorporated in, the constitution. The concessions, entitled 'Legislative Intentions of the Government,' are as follows:

(*a*) The Workers' Councils receive fundamental recognition as being representative of industrial interests and shall be incorporated in the constitution. A special law, to be drafted immediately, shall determine their limits, election, and functions.

(*b*) Works' Committees of workers and of office employees are to be elected in each works; these are to have equal rights in cooperation to settle the general conditions of labor.

(*c*) Works Councils* are to be formed for all branches of industry and trade in order to control and regulate production and distribution. In these Councils proprietors and managers, workers, office employees, and employers' and workers' organizations shall coöperate.

(*d*) District Work Councils (Chambers of Work) are to be formed for definite territorial districts, and a Central Work Council for the whole realm. In the District and Central Work Councils all self-employers, also employers, and the liberal professions, etc., are to be represented. These Councils shall coöperate in the work of socializing industry and shall be called upon to assist in the control of those works and branches of trade which have been socialized. They must further express an opinion on all industrial and social-political laws, and they have the right to suggest such laws themselves. The Government of the Realm shall consult the Central Council before proposing industrial or social laws.

Paragraph 2 declares that there shall be immediate legislation to introduce 'a uniform and democratic labor code'; paragraph 3 demands the immediate publication of the Report of the Socialization Committee, and states that the government has already introduced the Socialization and Coal Laws in the National Assembly, and will draft other similar legislation; paragraph 4 proposes an immediate law to put all offenses against the common law under civilian courts, while paragraph 5 promises efforts to suppress food-profiteering.

[From *Vorwärts*,
March 5th, evening edition.]

In spite of the government 'concessions,' the Independent Party was not satisfied, and advanced 'Five Demands.' Hermann Müller then put himself into telephonic communication with Scheidemann at Weimar, and received the following answers:

(1) In regard to any proposed punishment of strikers Noske has promised that no measures shall be taken against them in State or municipal works, and the employer shall be told also to abstain from such; (2) as soon as the identity of those arrested

*A kind of Whitley Councils.

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has been satisfactorily established, those arrested during the strikes are to be released. . . . (3) In regard to the evacuation of the factories occupied by the military: all private factories, and all State factories which are purely industrial concerns, shall be evacuated at once. But the electric works, which are held by Volunteer Corps, can only be evacuated in relays, in such a manner that, as the soldiers are gradually withdrawn, the Workers' Guard shall take their place. . . . (4) The State of Siege was only declared after robbery had begun on a great scale. . . . The State of Siege will be raised as soon as public safety is somewhat restored in Berlin. The State of Siege was not directed against the strikers, but against robbers. . . . The abolition of the courts-martial depends on the abolition of the State of Siege. [This answers the fifth demand.]

[From *Vorwärts*, March 9th.]

The government reply seems to have been found satisfactory by the moderate elements; but the more extreme elements considered it a signal for sharpening the conflict and proposed to cut off water and gas from the city of Berlin. On this 'insane proposal,' the moderates took their courage in both hands, definitely repudiated the extremists, and at a meeting on March 8th declared the strike ended.

Thus the formal strike flickered out, as lifelessly as it had begun. But this want of persistence on the part of the moderates raised the extremists to that sense of desperation which governed their actions for the next few days of appalling fighting.

THE FRENCH AT MAINZ

BY DR. ERICH WULF

It is almost easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a German republican to pass the French boundary guards and enter the occupied territory or to get a passport for the trip from its authorities. But, fortunately, the private soldiers are more open to persuasion than the generals, and are more humane than the laws they are supposed to enforce. Trains do not go as far as the boundary or across it. Consequently, one must proceed on foot to the dividing line where it passes through a forest or open country. My heart beat a little faster when, after a vigorous walk I saw the first sentry in his blue polished helmet and with fixed bayonet, standing under a dark pine tree; for although I had a passport, it would hardly stand critical inspection. Consequently, I halted thirty steps before I reached the guard, set down my hand bag and ostentatiously pulled out a very large cigarette case. I lighted a cigarette and puffed the smoke like a chimney into the morning air. The anticipated result promptly followed. The sentry looked at me benignantly and seemed hardly able to wait until I reached him. After a courteous greeting on both sides, I offered him the cigarette case, from which he helped himself upon my polite insistence with a large and clearly capacious hand. I inquired sympathetically as to his health and the health of his family, and stuck another handful of cigarettes into his

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overcoat pocket. He said to me pleasantly as I turned to continue my trip, 'You are a good fellow,' to which I replied with deep conviction, 'So are you, sir.'

It is vain to look for any malicious spirit among the rank and file of the French troops, even at the grand headquarters of General Mangin. They rather create the impression of good-natured and often naïve youngsters. They conduct themselves respectfully upon the street, enter the shops without any display of arrogance, sit down in long rows with civilians of both sexes, and drink the pleasant beer of Mainz without any indication of national prejudice. Their intercourse with the families of the citizens is unembarrassed and displays complete mutual confidence. They have concerts Sunday evenings with the sons and daughters of the family and contribute their share to refreshments for the simple entertainment that follows. These well-fed, well-treated, clean-shaven, tidy youngsters give evidence of their good hearts and tempers in many ways. Let me recite a single incident that came under my observation. Two older soldiers stopped in one of the remoter streets to watch a party of little children playing. The pale countenances of the latter showed the evidence of undernourishment, due to the blockade. They took the little ones tenderly by the hands, led them to the nearest bakery, and stuffed the little hungry mouths with cakes until they could hold no more.

The rank and file of the soldiers show no chauvinist inclinations. This is confirmed by more than three months' experience on the part of the residents of the city and by my own observations. I was in the great hall of the Mainz Choral Society, which has been converted into a soldiers' club. Thousands of soldiers in blue uniforms filled the room to the last seat. After an athletic feature, there was represented 'The glorious entrance of the French troops into Strassburg.' The short, elastic step of the French infantry had been caught by the camera at near focus so as to make the procession seem to move like a puppet show. In spite of the formality of the occasion, the sight aroused uncontrollable laughter among the spectators and they bombarded their comrades on the screen with comments and suggestions. The generals approach in the line of view in a theatrical way. Petain sits astride his horse with his arms folded across his breast like a general in an ancient triumph. A soldier is leading his horse by the bridle. But this spectacle failed to produce the desired effect upon the soldier spectators, and it evidently had failed to produce a similar effect upon the people of Strassburg. The latter stood, as one can see from the veracious evidence of the picture itself, immovable as a wall. When the film was over, three or four young soldiers applauded, but their patriotic enthusiasm evaporated suddenly in the icy coldness of the great crowd. Max Linder, who produced one of his humorous turns immediately afterwards, was received with incomparably greater enthusiasm. The soldiers also give evidence of much ambition to be able to talk with the Germans in German. The sentries at the border and at the railway stations have mastered the difficult accent as well as they can, and many of the passport inspectors revel in their fluent knowledge of the language and overwhelm you with a flood of '*fertiks*' and '*gudde.*' In order to make an experiment, I replied in French to a soldier who made some inquiry of me on the street in broken German. The remarkable thing was that the soldier,

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with amusing eagerness, continued the conversation in his broken German and concluded with sending after me as he departed '*danke schön*' relieved with all the accents in his orthography. A thriving trade goes on in French-German phrase books. A transient dealer told me after some distrustful hesitation that his sales in the afternoons since the occupation had averaged about eighty copies a day. If one estimates from this single instance how many must be sold in the book stores and in the innumerable barber shops and news-stands, he will come to the conclusion that hatred and national arrogance are by no means characteristic of the French soldiers.

Neither do the individual officers as a rule give any evidence of exaggerated national sentiment. They are obviously not devoid of sympathy for the people, although their supersensitive and over-cultivated sense of honor may easily cause friction. They are more courteous than many of the native gentlemen in offering their seats to ladies on the electric cars, and it does not produce a bad effect upon public sentiment to see French soldiers of high rank and advanced years accompanying the young ladies of the local families to the theatre as their respectful cavaliers. The officers' corps as a whole may more properly be said to manifest nationalist sentiment. It demands that it be treated by the conquered as a victor and as the highest representative of a dominant government. The population is, therefore, compelled by constant and strictly enforced regulations to show the officers every token of respect. Evidences of unfriendly spirit are manifested only in the places of higher command, and we must bear in mind that the officers filling these positions seldom are free to conduct themselves in their own way, but are for the most part merely executors for the civilian authorities. We recognize this clearly in the attitude toward Catholicism and the Centre Party.

A German observer cannot fail to be struck by the relatively large number of religious men among the French soldiers. The Sunday black of the worshipers in the churches is dotted with the bright blue uniforms of the French. Officers and men kneel devoutly, shoulder to shoulder, with their German fellow worshipers, before the side altar, covering their faces with their hands in prayer. Although few of them understand the German language, they maintain an attitude of respectful attention during the sermon and are careful to drop their contributions in the plate.

The French officers in their efforts to propitiate the sentiment of the Germans, employ certain typical methods which are neither subtle nor varied. They are the same measures which they used during the years of occupation between 1782 and 1798 and 1814 to promote their political purposes. They no longer have the argument of a republican form of government. With a true Latin instinct for impressing the eye, they try to influence the population first of all by beautiful representations. They provide the population with military spectacles rather than with food. The guard mount at the headquarters of the higher commander at noon is performed with military pomp. A fanfare of trumpets is sounded. The trumpeters always rotate their instruments gracefully in their hands three times before blowing them. They seem to be summoning the citizens to come and see what handsome chaps they are. But they keep finding people who have not yet been sufficiently impressed in spite of this. So they multiply formal ceremonies, where the

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soldiers receive crosses and medals and the natives are provided with a free show.

For fear the people may not have been sufficiently impressed of their own accord with the idea that their French rulers are the embodiment of gallantry and kindliness, they employ the press to advertise their possession of these qualities. In doing this, they cease to be disingenuous. They are very fond of forbidding the publication of a newspaper, on account of some minor offense, for eight days, and then after the prohibition has been in force six days, they repeal it, but require that an editorial notice be printed at the head of the paper stating that the French authorities, in the generosity of their hearts and as an act of special grace, have shortened the prohibition a day. A worse procedure is their ordering that the children in the public schools shall be forced to learn the French language. One gets a grotesque impression when he sees the attendants at the evening courses who do not even know how to employ their own mother tongue correctly, attempting to express themselves in the language of Molière and Flaubert. Any public recognition of the German national government is strictly forbidden. When Dr. Göttelmann, the over-burgomeister of Mainz, formally declared at a meeting of the city council that the citizens of the city felt themselves inseparably united with the former empire, Mangin immediately removed him from his position. But his speech received the enthusiastic approval of the entire population. The people of Mainz are and will continue to be German. I was assured definitely of this by the leaders of every party.

The Berliner Tageblatt, April 18

THE RISE OF DEMOCRACY IN JAPAN

DEMONSTRATIONS in promotion of popular rights are now so numerous and insistent in Japan that democracy may be said to have come to its quickening. It is now being contended that in Japan democracy is as old as Japan herself. But many are suspicious that either President Wilson or Mr. Lloyd George or both had something to do with the fathering of it. It is boldly asserted that Japan has enjoyed a democratic government for three thousand years, and this attitude toward democracy is to be encouraged for its hopefulness. To stamp democracy as primarily Japanese may be too bold an assumption, but then it gives democracy a lineage far above anything of the kind in Occidental countries, and makes it good enough for Japan. One of the most ominous signs of the growth of democracy is the campaign for extension of the suffrage. Demonstrations in this cause have been led mainly by students, of whom there are more than 30,000 in Tokyo alone; but considerable numbers of politicians and members of the Imperial Diet have participated to an encouraging degree. The fact that the police have treated these mass meetings with great leniency is significant of the influence of democracy from abroad. Since the rice riots last year popular discontent has been treated with remarkable delicacy, though the

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leaders of the riots have been severely punished, some of them receiving long terms of imprisonment. The authorities are ostensibly anxious to show, however, that this does not mean any attempt at suppression of popular opinion. For it is the unsatisfactory condition of labor that is really at the bottom of the social disaffection. It was for this reason, too, that the bureaucratic Terauchi Cabinet was turned out and an avowedly democratic Ministry installed. Though the new Cabinet has already proved that commoners and untitled politicians do not necessarily mean a democratic régime, yet the public mind has been soothed somewhat. But the demonstrations in favor of an extended franchise show that the masses are convinced that no really democratic government can be expected in Japan until the manhood of the nation is entitled to the vote.

That there is ample reason for extension of the suffrage is clear from the fact that out of a population of some 60,000,000 no more than 1,600,000 men are entitled to vote. At first it was suggested that the franchise be extended to all paying a tax of three yen or more annually, but this increased the number of votes only to 4,000,000. Now the demand is for universal franchise. At the mass meetings held in connection with the campaign, prominent men like Mr. Yukio Ozaki made speeches, contending that the late Emperor declared that the administration of the State would in future be conducted in accord with public opinion, and the guiding principle of the nation should be equality of all classes. In neither politics nor law have these fundamental principles been enforced in Japan. The country is managed by politicians who owe their power to birth rather than to the votes of the people, while others are in power by virtue of the amount of taxes they are able to pay. Thus wealth and birth take precedence of science and scholarship. The masses are so discontented that their views will find vent in violence unless the rights of the people be recognized. While Japanese delegates at the European Peace Conference are crying out for equality of races and nations, inequality of classes is tolerated, if not imposed, on the Japanese at home. The results of such methods of administration are clearly seen in the discomfiture that has overtaken Germany and Austria and Russia. At the present juncture, when democracy is claiming its own everywhere, the stability of the foundations of the State in Japan demands that the franchise be extended to the manhood of the nation. After listening to sentiments of this kind at various meetings the students and other crowds marched to the front gate of the Imperial Palace and cheered for the Imperial House. But, most remarkable of all, the University students have presented a petition to His Majesty asking directly that the franchise be extended, a move unprecedented in Japanese history. A Bill is now in preparation mbodying the views of the franchise propagandists for presentation to the Imperial Diet, but whether it will pass is uncertain.

It is worthy of notice that even women have joined the movement for extension of the franchise in Japan, claiming votes for women. The leader in the female demonstrations has been Mrs. Akiko Yosan, one of the most distinguished of Japan's women writers, whose writings appear in all the leading national periodicals. Mrs. Yosan contends that if women be excluded in the extension of the franchise Japan will still be a back number compared with western countries.

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A further indication of quickening democracy in Japan is the change taking place in the attitude of the authorities toward labor unions. Hitherto the organization of such unions has not been permitted, though the police are now asserting that there has never been any law against peaceful organization of labor. But labor unions claim the right to resort to strikes in case justice is denied them, and as Japanese laws prohibit such demonstrations, organization was regarded as futile. Nevertheless, a feature of labor in Japan during the past few years has been the increasing number of strikes. As these have usually represented local disaffection, in the absence of labor unions, they have been rigorously dealt with, and done little to promote the interests of labor. But the inability to find a voice for its wrongs has forced Japanese labor into riotous strikes, terrorizing the communities affected. The fact that Japanese labor has been permitted to send a representative to the Peace Conference at Versailles may be taken as significant of the new freedom in the direction of democracy.

The people of Japan are undoubtedly very anxious to make their voice heard at the Peace Conference, as an occasion where all the world is assembled to listen. Though the government has not embodied this policy in its plans, a sufficient number of unofficial delegates have been sent to see that the opinion of the nation is voiced. The speech which Baron Makino made at the Conference in reference to racial discrimination may be regarded as an echo of the clamor at home. Demonstrations have been held in Tokyo demanding that the Peace Conference and the League of Nations abolish racial discrimination in all international relations. The resolutions passed have been telegraphed to the Peace Conference. As Japan is given a place of equality with the five greater nations of the Peace Conference, it is obvious that she already enjoys the equality of which many of the demonstrators are solicitous; but the real ground of the agitation, of course, is for free immigration to America and the British Dominions overseas. It is repeatedly asserted in the vernacular press and by political and other agitators in Japan that in their immigration laws the Americans and the British Colonies have enforced racial discrimination against the Japanese. There is no mention of the fact that these laws do not make reference to any nation, simply excluding Oriental races as living on a lower economic plane with which domestic labor cannot compete. The talk in Japan goes to show that the majority of the angry populace believes that the immigration laws are passed specially and specifically against the Japanese. Whether Nature or fate will work in Japan's favor in this connection is an interesting problem. Obviously the Japanese can never make successful northern colonists, as it will take them centuries to become inured to, and to know how to deal with, the northern winter. Bred of southern races the sun is in their blood, and they patiently await the passing of winter in a state of hibernation where they find themselves unfortunately far north. The Japanese yearn for a semi-tropical clime, like California or North Australia and the islands of the Pacific. Consequently, if fate drove them northward their progress might indefinitely be stayed, as witness the effect on the yellow races of Russia and North America. But official policy pays little attention to science or anthropology; it works in the direction of least resistance, and is convinced that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

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In view of all that has been said, if Japan does not get all she asks from the Peace Conference some lively times may be expected in the domestic situation. With the masses clamoring for extension of political rights and protesting against the present labor conditions, the government will have difficulty in justifying its existence should it have to face the further disadvantage of what would be regarded at home as a rebuff from the Peace Conference. Alone among the Allies Japan enjoyed all the advantages and none of the risks of the great war; and if she has not been able to come out of the struggle less feared and envied than respected the government will be blamed. After the business of closing down the war has been done with, the leaders of thought in Japan may begin to see that, after all, the visions of President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George were not the mere impractical idealism that the vernacular press of Japan would have them believe.

The Morning Post

THE OLD SHROUDERS

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

THREE devils sate there, gloating o'er my sins
In the dense music of thought's violins —
The whining, twining, pining violins.

Lean gleamed the tapers on them, chin and eye;
They snuffed and chaffered, while the dark flowed by —
Hour after hour, its stars and dark flowed by.

They saw me not — from that cold mask no sign:
No signal shook from this lone soul of mine;
Blind were their presences to hint of mine.

Rejoiced was I to leave them fingering there
The squalid record of my earthly care,
Life's hapless evil its insistent care.

And like a child who plucks a flower that blows —
Moon-cupp'd convolvulus or the clear briar rose —
And happy in beauty for a moment goes:

So I, in mercy freed from these my sins,
Heard lapse the whining of the violins,
Heard silence lighten round the violins.

The Athenæum

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DRAKE'S DRUM

BY ARTHUR MACHEN

Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.
Sir Henry Newbolt.

We wake sometimes from dreams uttering strange phrases, murmuring incredible things. At the moment of waking, for some ineffable instant of time, the words we speak, or perhaps think we speak, seem to us full of illumination. To everyone who speculates at all as to the heights and depths of the soul, there comes at very rare moments — there are not, perhaps, more than half-a-dozen such experiences given to any man's lifetime — the sense of the true world which lies beyond this dark place of images and shadows; a world that is full of light and glory, a world where all our dim desires are interpreted and fulfilled. It is as if we stood among shadows before a black curtain, as if for one moment a fold were caught back and we saw that which we can never utter: but never deny.

In dreams and waking and in waking dreams most of us, I suppose, penetrate into this other world, the world beyond the black curtain. But we are not suffered to make any report of it; the secret, it seems, must be kept fast. And that is one of the reasons why I am usually inclined to disbelieve most stories of the communicating spirits of the dead. Their messages are, to my judgment, altogether too lucid, too comfortably and easily and clearly set forth. There is no obscurity in the interpretation of their sentences, no impression as of a great gulf of the spirit which has been traversed with the utmost difficulty. And if we, still in the flesh, cannot utter to ourselves our own visions, it scarcely seems likely that those who have passed beyond the flaming ramparts of the world should be able to chatter to us so easily and coloquially of the regions of their dwelling.

The speech of that far land, if any speech there be, will, I think, be delivered rather in sensible images than in logical and grammatical utterance. And it is only the unspiritual who can discern nothing of the spirit in things audibly or visibly presented to our senses.

Here is the true story of such a presentation.

On the eleventh of last November the armistice between the Allies and the German Empire was signed. This meant that the incredible had happened. A few months before all the world had been in terror of a power that seemed capable of fighting all the world. Now, in a moment, as if by enchantment, that power had ceased to exist. The armistice terms were, most justly and wisely, rigorous, and on November 21st it was appointed that practically the whole German Fleet should surrender to the British. I said that the whole event was incredible, and so true is this that the British Navy could scarcely believe that the surrender would be accomplished peacefully. Sailors are generous men to all, but more especially to other sailors. There is a brotherhood of the deep, which surpasses the bounds of nations, and our navy could not believe that the German sailors would give up their ships without fighting; even though the fight might be a hopeless one for them. Consequently, on the morning of November 21st, 1918, the British Navy awaited the enemy in a state of mind that is hard to describe. The

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surrender of the German fleet, they all knew, had been demanded and granted; but at the last moment, our men thought, the unutterable disgrace must boil in the veins of those German sailors, and the guns of their great ships must speak their final word of fire before they sank beneath the water. Every preparation was made for the fight. The ships were cleared. The men were at 'action stations.' Naval discipline was at its strictest. Every man on board every ship knew his place to an inch, his duty to the most minute detail. The King's ships had made them ready for battle; it is hard for a landsman to realize the awful and inexorable import of such an array.

The Fleet steamed to the appointed rendezvous, waited, and looked eastward. It was a misty morning with a gentle breeze.

One of the ships was the Royal Oak, chiefly manned by sailors of Devonshire. She was flying on that day a magnificent silk ensign, made for her by Devonshire ladies. On her bridge, sixty feet above the top deck, was a group of officers: Admiral Grant, Captain Maclachlan, of the Royal Oak, the Commander, and others. It was soon after 9 o'clock in the morning when the German fleet appeared, looming through the mist. Admiral Grant saw them and waited; he could scarcely believe, he says, that they would not instantly open fire.

Then the drum began to beat on the Royal Oak. The sound was unmistakable; it was that of a small drum being beaten 'in rolls.' At first, the officers on the bridge paid little attention, if any, to the sound; so intent were they on the approaching enemy. But when it became evident that the Germans were not to show fight, Admiral Grant turned to the Captain of the Royal Oak, and remarked on the beating of the drum. The Captain said that he heard it, but could not understand it, since the ship was cleared for action, and every man on board was at his battle station. The Commander also heard, but could not understand, and sent messengers all over the ship to investigate. Twice the messengers were sent about the ship, about all the decks. They reported that every man was at his station. Yet the drum continued to beat. Then the Commander himself made a special tour of investigation through the Royal Oak. He, too, found that every man was at his station.

It must be noted, by the way, that if someone, playing a practical joke, had been beating a drum between decks, the sound would have been inaudible to the officers on the bridge. Secondly, when a ship is cleared for action, the members of the band have specially important duties in connection with fire control apparatus assigned to them. The band instruments are all stored away in the band room, right aft, and below decks.

All the while the British fleet was closing round the German fleet, coming to anchor in a square about it, so that the German ships were hemmed in. And all the while that this was being done, the noise of the drum was heard at intervals, beating in rolls. All who heard it are convinced that it was no sound of flapping stays or any such accident. The ear of the naval officer is attuned to all the noises of his ship in fair weather and in foul; it makes no mistakes. All who heard knew that they heard the rolling of a drum.

At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon the German fleet was enclosed and helpless, and the British ships dropped anchor, some fifteen miles off the Firth of Forth. The utter, irrevocable ruin and disgrace of the German Navy were consummated. And at that

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moment the drum stopped beating and was no more heard.

But those who had heard it, Admiral, Captain, Commander, other officers and men of all ratings held then and hold now one belief as to that rolling music. They believe that the sound they heard was that of 'Drake's Drum'; the audible manifestation of the spirit of the great sea captain, present at this hour of the tremendous triumph of Britain on the seas. This is the firm belief of them all.

It may be so. It may be that Drake did quit the port of Heaven in a ship of fire, and driving the Huns across the sea with the flame of his spirit, drummed them down to their pitiful and shameful doom.

The Outlook

AN ESSAY ON VULGARITY

We are prone to mock the Victorians and we are not quite unjustified. The legacy of their impossible furniture still encumbers many a home and lingers on in lodgings, where it will presumably moulder till the crack of doom, or the arrival of the artist-craftsman state. Their red-brick Gothic stands irremovably to cast its gloom over suburban glades, and even the stainless sea is corrupted by the offensive gobbets of urbanity they have thrown on its creeks. Giants there were in those days, giants we sorely lack. But they stood in a loneliness as pronounced as the isolation of our own artists and thinkers. For a moment, perhaps, we can afford to raise a scornful finger. After all, we have broken down some of their silences. We confess more readily to being mammals; we admit publicly the existence of venereal disease; our mothers vote; our sisters ride motor-bicycles; we are even beginning to believe in bath-rooms for all, and the unspeakable peril of the Open Bedroom Window is being widely braved in districts long adamant to such domestic Spartacism.

The Victorian middle-class family, prosperous and self-righteous, was ludicrous, perhaps, but Puritanism, after all, has done more for the world than we nowadays are willing to admit. Our grandfathers, we say, were stodgy, pompous, and soused in ugliness and humbug. But we must leave it at that. To scorn them and go on our way rejoicing in our own superiority is only to be super-Victorian. Who are we that we should throw their Marcus Stones in their faces? We have our own conspicuous glass houses.

They specialized in pomposity, we in levity; and there are limits even to lightness of heart. We have developed a sense of humor, but we laugh at the wrong place. They were snobbish, but snobbishness, like Shakespeare its apostle, was not for an age but for all time. Contempt for the greasy mob and rude mechanicals did not arise with the first Reform Bill, nor has it perished with the last. Much of the Victorian prudery and narrowness we have hunted out or driven into the impenetrable coverts of villadom. But, if we may turn self-critical and seek the prevailing vice of our age, it is plain that we have fallen victims to something which our fathers escaped. They did not approach us in vulgarity.

What do we mean by the word vulgar? Originally, of course, it was merely a synonym for common. Shakespeare can call the atmosphere 'the vulgar air' without any sense of condemnation. He and most of his fellows wrote for court circles and despised the general. Naturally, the word vulgar, like the word common, soon acquired a contemptuous flavor. Pepys described the music of trumpets and kettledrums as 'dull vulgar music,'

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and by Shelley's time the word was used in a sense that would have seemed harshest paradox to Shakespeare —

> Gold,
> Below whose image bow the vulgar great.
> (Queen Mab.)

The circle has been turned; vulgarity has become the attribute of the few. It is no longer commonness, but rather the futile effort to be uncommon. 'Making believe to be what you are not is the essence of vulgarity,' writes Oliver Wendell Holmes in the *Professor*. But that is scarcely a wide enough definition. Here, indeed, is the commencement: the small man playing at greatness. Trimalchio seeking to outdo the flower of Roman elegance, the callow, curled youth who quotes unquenchably the stupider mots of Oscar Wilde; the profiteer playing at statesman; the gentleman in jewelry. Follows on this a more unlovely sight, the mean man made great by chance. A crisis arises. Then is the call for sanity, deep wisdom, perhaps for eloquence, at all events for dignity. The mean man flounders and fails; he resorts to the devices whereby he climbed; he relies on chicanery, and his speeches win him the old time guerdon of 'Loud Laughter.' And meantime perhaps the lives of a million are on the balance. He has achieved many things; vulgarity not least.

Vulgarity is littleness misplaced. The small man, rich in artifice, can never handle big and elemental things. Vulgarity, for instance, is not obscenity. No one would call Aristophanes, Rabelais, or Shakespeare vulgar, but all are obscene. They are saved by their spiritual dimensions; vulgarity is of sniggering dwarfs, not of roaring giants. But Gilbert was vulgar with his perpetual ridicule of the elderly and desperate virgin, for he was sniggering at the elementary. And those schoolboy giggles of our musical comedies, which the modern girl may enjoy without shame, are not a whit better than the silences of the Victorians. Ragtime, again, is not vulgar in itself. It is but the appropriate music of our progressive civilization with its philosophy of hustle and its contempt for balance, grace, and rhythm. Ragtime as the genuine self-expression of a fevered community has something tremendous and virile about it. But ragtime as a craze turns into the merest vulgarity. What could be more vulgar than the new sensation dances imported monthly from America? The ludicrous sprightliness of the Victorian polka or the old hop-valse may rouse our gentle scorn, but it was certainly far removed from the inane promenading of a modern ball-room. We wonder which Plato would have preferred.

Vulgarity has its roots in inadaptability. It is the small amid great surroundings, a smirk amid deep passions, the superficial amid colossal verities. Perhaps it is because of the swift, enormous happenings of our time that our pettiness stands up in humiliating contrast. The honeyed optimism of Tennyson was brought to no stern arbitrament of steel and gold, of blood and broken laws. The Victorians lived placidly, their wars were decently remote, their Mutiny was in India. Their multitude accepted faithfully the convenient creed,

> The heavens, themselves, the planets, and the centre
> Observe degree, priority, and place,
> Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
> Office and custom, all in line of order.

But we have no such calm. Our wars are vaster and indecently adjacent. A continent has torn up the easy Gospel of Degree. Old tyrannies reel, and nobodies go climbing into empty thrones. Who knows but what the world's great age begins anew? It is not an easy environment to which we

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must conform; nor can everyone be translated to the stage of the world's great tragedy and find the voice, the verse, and the motions that befit a drama so tremendous. We are tested more searchingly than our grandfathers. Yet one feels that we might have done better. Is our photo press, with its screams and snarls, its garrulous frivolity and its inhuman triviality, is this the voice of the people? For here is vulgarity indeed, the mean response to awful happenings. We do not ask for pompous periods and gloomy smugness. But photographs of grinning nobodies, secret stories of the week, Mayfair gossip, dope scandals, and mere splutters of idle hate, what are these but the very form and fashion of vulgarity when taken as the comments of a mighty nation on the mightiest travail of mankind? Perhaps vulgarity is more an offense against the æsthetic than against moral values. Compared with the statesmen of the eighteenth century we have more righteous men. Our petty scandals can never achieve their unparalleled ideal of corruption; our little license is but a drop in the ocean of their lewdness. But those three-bottle men could rise to an occasion from their drinking, and fine issues touched them finely. Trevelyan's early history of Charles James Fox spares us nothing of the current depravity, yet leaves a sense of quality in public life which is lacking to-day. Giants of debauchery those statesmen often were, but still giants; and vulgarity is not of giants.

Vulgarity, then, has reversed its former meaning. It is not the many who are vulgar now. It is rather the pushing few, the would-be somebodies, the new arrivals, the latest shoots and creepers of parasitic plutocracy. Not vulgarity, but toleration of vulgarity, is the weakness of the multitude. After all, the great silent majority is far more Victorian than we often realize, retaining both the vices and the virtues of that age. Yet the flash and tinsel of superficial swagger have their undoubted fascination; and before the insurgent democracy rises, axe in hand, to cut away the parasitic growths, there are many who find the national oak more lovely for its ruinous adornment. Aristocracy has usually the quality of dignity; a vigorous democracy has fire. But plutocracy, being the rule of little souls with big possessions, is the very hot-bed of vulgarity. For little souls must needs aspire to distinction, and distinction demands more than the aspiration of unimaginative strangers. When democracy comes into its own, it may at the worst be blind, brutish, and vindictive, but it is one of the giants and is never merely vulgar.

The Nation

THE ARRIVAL OF 'BLACKMAN'S WARBLER'

I AM become an Authority on Birds. It happened in this way.

The other day we heard the cuckoo in Hampshire. (The next morning the papers announced that the cuckoo had been heard in Devonshire — possibly a different one, but in no way superior to ours except in the matter of its press agent.) Well, everybody in the house said, 'Did you hear the cuckoo?' to everybody else, until I began to get rather tired of it; and, having told everybody several times that I *had* heard it, I tried to make the conversation more interesting. So, after my tenth 'Yes' I added quite casually:

'But I have n't heard the tufted pipit yet. It's funny why it should be so late this year.'

'Is that the same as the tree pipit?' said my hostess, who seemed to know more about birds than I had hoped.

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'Oh, no,' I said confidently.

'What's the difference exactly?'

'Well, one is tufted,' I said, doing my best, 'and the other — er — climbs trees.'

'Oh, I see.'

'And of course the eggs are more speckled,' I added. gradually acquiring confidence.

'I often wish I knew more about birds,' she said regretfully. 'You must tell us something about them now we've got you here.'

And all this because of one miserable cuckoo!

'By all means,' I said, wondering how long it would take to get a book about birds down from London.

However, it was easier than I thought. We had tea in the garden that afternoon, and a bird of some kind struck up in the plane-tree.

'There, now,' said my hostess, 'what's that?'

I listened with my head on one side. The bird said it again.

'That's the lesser bunting,' I said hopefully.

'The lesser bunting,' said an earnest-looking girl; 'I shall always remember that.'

I hoped she would n't, but I could hardly say so. Fortunately, the bird lesser-bunted again, and I seized the opportunity of playing for safety.

'Or is it the Sardinian white-throat?' I wondered. 'They have very much the same note during the breeding season. But, of course, the eggs are more speckled,' I added casually.

And so on for the rest of the evening. You see how easy it is.

However, the next afternoon a most unfortunate occurrence occurred. A real Bird Authority came to tea. As soon as the information leaked out I sent up a hasty prayer for bird-silence until we had got him safely out of the place; but it was not granted. Our feathered songster in the plane-tree broke into his little piece.

'There,' said my hostess — 'there's that bird again.' She turned to me. 'What did you say it was?'

I hoped that the Authority would speak first, and that the others would then accept my assurance that they had misunderstood me the day before; but he was entangled at that moment in a watercress sandwich, the loose ends of which were still waiting to be tucked away.

I looked anxiously at the girl who had promised to remember, in case she wanted to say something, but she also was silent. Everybody was silent except that miserable bird.

Well, I had to have another go at it. 'Blackman's warbler,' I said firmly.

'Oh, yes,' said my hostess.

'Blackman's warbler; I shall always remember that,' lied the earnest-looking girl.

The Authority, who was free by this time, looked at me indignantly.

'Nonsense,' he said; 'it's the chiff-chaff.'

Everybody else looked at me reproachfully. I was about to say that 'Blackman's warbler' was the local name for the chiff-chaff in our part of Flint, when the Authority spoke again.

'The chiff-chaff,' he said to our hostess with an insufferable air of knowledge.

I was n't going to stand that.

'So *I* thought when I heard it first,' I said, giving him a gentle smile.

It was now the Authority's turn to get the reproachful looks.

'Are they very much alike?' my hostess asked me, much impressed.

'Very much. Blackman's warbler is often mistaken for the chiff-chaff, even by so-called experts' — and I turned to the Authority and added, 'Have another sandwich, won't you?' — 'and particularly so, of course, dur-

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ing the breeding season. It is true that the eggs are more speckled, but ——'

'Bless my soul,' said the Authority, but it was easy to see that he was shaken, 'I should think I know a chiff-chaff when I hear one.'

'Ah, but do you know a Blackman's warbler? One does n't often hear them in this country. Now in Switzerland ——'

The bird said 'chiff-chaff' again with an almost indecent plainness of speech.

'There you are!' I said triumphantly. 'Listen,' and I held up a finger. 'You notice the difference? *Obviously* a Blackman's warbler.'

Everybody looked at the Authority. He was wondering how long it would take to get a book about birds down from London, and deciding that it could n't be done that afternoon. Meanwhile 'Blackman's warbler' sounded too much like the name of something to be repudiated. For all he had caught of our mumbled introduction I might have been Blackman myself.

'Possibly you're right,' he said reluctantly.

Another bird said 'chiff-chaff' from another tree, and I thought it wise to be generous. 'There,' I said, 'now that *was* a chiff-chaff.'

The earnest-looking girl remarked (silly creature) that it sounded just like the other one, but nobody took any notice of her. They were all busy admiring me.

Of course I must n't meet the Authority again, because you may be pretty sure that when he got back to his books he looked up Blackman's warbler and found that there was no such animal. But if you mix in the right society and only see the wrong people once it is really quite easy to be an authority on birds — or, I imagine, on anything else.

A. A. M.

Punch

AMERICA'S LINKS WITH WESTMINSTER ABBEY

BY JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

'It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown.'

'The silence is articulate after all, and in worthy instances the preservation great.'

'I had from the first so profoundly and thoroughly naturalized myself to the place (Westminster Abbey), that it was like going back to a home of my youth.'

When Washington Irving, Henry James, and W. D. Howells wrote the above words, I dare say they would have rejected the idea that Americans had any need to be reminded of any special links with Westminster Abbey. They would have claimed practically all its associations as part of the priceless common heritage of the English-speaking races on both confines of the Atlantic, and would have regarded it as a work of supererogation to commend this great 'temple of silence and reconciliation' to the particular notice of their fellow countrymen. But even in a bequest of general scope there may be items that appeal specially to individual legatees; and it may well be interesting to dwell on a few of the more direct and exclusive ties of Westminster Abbey and the new England beyond the seas.

It is not without significance that one of the most important services ever rendered to the Abbey was the work of an American. No one to whom the history of the church has any meaning, can afford to ignore the Register of

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Westminster Abbey, a monument to the indefatigable industry of Colonel Joseph Lemuel Chester, a native of Norwich, Connecticut. This volume, published in 1876, is a record of all the baptisms, marriages, and deaths within the church and its precincts, accompanied by voluminous notes of the highest biographical and genealogical value. To this task Colonel Chester devoted his life and fortune, dying in London, in 1882, a comparatively poor and almost unknown man. Though without special training in this field when he arrived in England, at the age of thirty-eight, he had at his death no superior as a genealogist among English-speaking people. A posthumous recognition of his thankless but important work appears in the form of a tablet erected to his memory, in the south aisle of the choir.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, the earliest direct connection of the Abbey with America is found in the person of Richard Hakluyt (died 1616), 'the father of modern geographers,' who was a Queen's Scholar at Westminster School, became a Prebendary and Archdeacon of Westminster Abbey, and is believed to be buried in the south transept. In the Abbey Registers his name appears as Richard Hackler. In 1582 he published his *Divers Voyages Touching the Discoverie of America*, and in the following year he became chaplain of the British Embassy at Paris, where he busied himself mainly in 'making diligent enquirie of such things as might yield any light into our westerne discoverie in America.' This 'enquirie' produced an important volume written 'at the requeste and direction of the righte worshipful Mr. Walter Raghly,' and intended to promote the settlement of the unoccupied parts of North America. Another work by him, published in 1587, contains a map with the first appearance of the name Virginia. Later he was one of the chief promoters of the colonization of Virginia, and indeed secured for himself the prospective living of Jamestown, though he never went into residence. It has been said of Hakluyt that to him 'England is more indebted for its American possession than to any man of that age.'

Below the northwest tower of the Abbey, in what Dean Stanley called the 'Whig corner,' is a monument of unusual interest to all Americans — inasmuch as it was erected by the Province of Massachusetts while it was still a British colony. This monument, by Scheemakers, commemorates Viscount Howe, who died before Ticonderoga in 1758, at the age of thirty-three. Wolfe called him 'the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British army'; and to him is due 'the credit of having taken lessons from the enemy and the Indians in the art of forest warfare; he stripped his men of their ridiculous tight coats, and filled their knapsacks with food instead of pipeclay and clothes brushes.' The authorities of Massachusetts erected the monument 'in testimony of the sense they had of his services and military virtues, and of the affection their officers and soldiers bore to his command'; and it would seem that, if his life had been spared, this gallant young officer might have rivaled the fame of his brother, the celebrated Admiral. Wolfe himself, to whose victory on the Plains of Abraham we owe the supremacy of our race in the North American Continent, has a gigantic and not very happy monument in the north ambulatory. He fell the year after Viscount Howe, and at the same fatal age. Another monument that is naturally grouped with these is that of General Burgoyne

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(cloisters), whose military career, in startling contrast to that of Wolfe, ended by his surrender to General Gates at Saratoga in 1777 — the turning point in the War of Revolution. He passed his closing years in a little house in Park Prospect, close to Westminster Abbey, engaged in literary studies, the most successful outcome of which was a comedy named *The Heiress*, which rapidly ran through ten editions and was translated into several foreign languages.

One of the most pathetic and romantic monuments in the Abbey is that of another young soldier, Major John André (S. aisle), whose career ended before he was thirty. The story is too well known to need long repetition. Major André was appointed in 1780 to negotiate with the American traitor, General Benedict Arnold, and was captured in civilian disguise by the American troops. Washington, although admitting that André was 'more unfortunate than criminal,' had him tried by court-martial, and in spite of the protests of Sir Henry Clinton, he was hanged as a spy, at Tappan on the Hudson. His fate excited universal sympathy in both America and Europe, and the whole British army went into mourning for him. It is, however, now acknowledged that no other course was open to General Washington. The monument in Westminster Abbey was erected forty years after his death, when his remains were brought to this country, and a memorial has also been erected to him by Americans on the spot where he was captured. 'The courtesy and good feeling of the Americans were remarkable. The bier was decorated with garlands and flowers as it was transported to the ship.' The chest which contained the remains is said to be still preserved in the revestry. Everything conspires to weave a web of romance round this young soldier. He was no mean proficient in drawing and music, and considerable poetic talent is shown in his *Cow Chase*, a humorous travesty of the ballad of *Chevy Chase*. An engaging side of his nature is illustrated in his statement after his capture in 1775, that he had been 'stripped of everything except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving this I yet think myself fortunate.' The lady mentioned is the beautiful Honora Sneyd, who, however, rejected both the gallant André and Thomas Day (author of *Sanford and Merton*) in favor of the widowed father of Maria Edgeworth. Colonel Chester's interesting researches showed that André was the son of a Frenchman, who had become naturalized in England, and that his earliest traceable ancestor was Jacques André, of Nismes (seventeenth century).

From the first André's monument was the victim of iconoclastic visitors to the Abbey. As it was generally the head of Washington that disappeared from the relief, it may be assumed that most of these were British sympathizers; but I grieve to say that one American at least was implicated, as he afterwards returned two heads he had knocked off, with a penitent letter to the Dean. Possibly, however, the mutilations were chiefly due to the mischievous pranks of the Westminster schoolboys. This, at any rate, seems to have been the view of Charles Lamb, who ended the famous *Letter of Elia to Robert Southey* with the words: 'The mischief was done about the time you were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic? Can you help us in this emergency to find the nose? . . . I am willing for peace' sake to subscribe my guinea toward a restoration of the lamented feature.' Lamb admitted

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afterwards that his 'guardian angel' had been absent at the time he wrote these words.

An incident of considerable interest in view of the subsequent progress of international understanding was the sermon delivered in Westminster Abbey by Bishop Phillips Brooks of Massachusetts on July 4th, 1880. Dean Stanley felt some serious qualms of nervousness on this occasion and feared he had imposed a task of impossible delicacy on the great American preacher. These fears proved groundless. Bishop Brooks preached a wonderful sermon on the 'Candle of the Lord,' and afterwards added a few words on the day. 'The birthday of a nation,' he said, 'must always be a sacred thing.' He went on to solicit the prayers of the congregation for his country: 'because you are Englishmen and I am an American; also, because here under this high and hospitable roof of God we are all more than Englishmen and more than Americans, because we are all merely children of God, waiting for the full coming of our Father's Kingdom, I ask you for that prayer.' Dean Stanley, after the service, was found in tears in his study, saying he had never been so moved by any sermon.

This then is a small selection of the specially American associations of Westminster Abbey. Space fails for more than a mere mention of the philanthropist, George Peabody, commemorated near the west end of the nave; of Longfellow, whose bust is a familiar object in the Poet's Corner; of James Russell Lowell, of whom a medallion portrait figures in a stained-glass window at the entrance to the Chapter House; of the funeral services held here for the late Ambassador Whitelaw Reid, in 1913, before his body was put on board ship for America, an honor well earned by 'one who had actively promoted happy relations between the two great countries'; of the sight witnessed on July 4th, 1918, when the Stars and Stripes floated from the Abbey Tower, side by side with the Royal Standard; of the fact that the American prayer-book of 1789 derives its origin (in part at least) from the precincts of Westminster. And these by no means exhaust the list.

Dean Stanley points out that, while the other monarchs of Europe rest alone, or almost alone, in the royal vaults of St. Denis, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and the Escorial, the dust of the English kings at Westminster Abbey lies amid the ashes of their subjects. Surely the American will feel some sympathy with this evidence of true democratic feeling, and recognize that 'the very incongruity and variety of the Westminster monuments become symbols of the harmonious diversity in unity which pervades our whole commonwealth.

The Landmark

SOME WORKINGMEN POETS

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

It has often been observed that, with a few notable exceptions, all the poets have been men in easy financial circumstances. A few, like Byron, have been aristocrats; a few, like Burns, peasants; but the great majority have sprung from the well-to-do middle classes. Is the Muse of Poetry guilty of favoritism? Quite evidently blue blood is nothing to her — but does she only deign to inspire to song those with a respectable balance at the bank? Surely not! A love of beauty, a power of passion, is breathed by her into the souls of hundreds of men who — mute inglorious Miltons — never can use with lyrical art what has been bestowed. They see the vision, but their

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lips stammer or are silent. For to the making of great poetry two things are necessary — the exaltation, which I believe many possess, and the capacity of expression, which is only achieved by, at most, half a dozen in a century.

Poets are born, but they are also made. Though a man should pray for the divine afflatus on bended knees for twenty years he will not succeed in coaxing the whim of the Muse, who gives only according to her good pleasure. But, even when that has come, something more is needed before verse can come to birth. Poetry must seize a body to unite to her soul — a body which is her expression and without which she cannot be said fully to exist. This body is made of words, but those words are lifeless without the soul, as the soul is ineffective without the body. In short, a poet must not only be able to feel, but he must be able to write; though he soar into heavens of rapture and behold the ultimate and absolute Beauty, unless he can descend to earth and speak beautifully of what he has seen, we cannot recognize him — being mute; that Milton will remain inglorious.

Now to acquire style man has to labor and suffer. He must burn the midnight oil to perfect his verse, but he must not spill the oil upon the paper. The technical toils of poets are immense, and quite as much perspiration as inspiration go to the making of a first-rate lyric. There are people who think that a real poet waits until an hour of strong emotion holds him before he writes, and that then his pen traverses the manuscript with the certainty and speed of an express train. No good verse is written in emotion to begin with; nor is it written quickly. A famous preacher was once asked how long he had taken to prepare a certain sermon, and replied: 'Forty years!' Is a sonnet of excellence easier to make than a sermon?

Perhaps this will explain why it is that the poets are usually people who have no need to worry about money. To become poets men must devote their whole energy to their art. If they have professions which make heavy demands upon their leisure, poetry will suffer. A poet must either vow himself to poetry and so conquer his circumstances, or he must be in such circumstances that poetry can take the first toll of his energies. Even with the vow of poverty he will have to spend his force upon the winning of his bread, and a night's work after a heavy day in factory or field leaves the poet under a disadvantage which he rarely can overcome.

When to this lack of leisure, this poverty, is added the claims of the poet's family; when, as is usually the case, the poet has first to educate himself; when such education is attended with a thousand difficulties and disappointments; when even his scanty leisure has no privacy — is it any wonder that first-rate poets practically never arise from among the poor? When they do arise they should be honored as heroes as well as artists; when they are defeated they should be respected, for their failures are nobler than many facile successes.

What is to be done for these people? The State might pension poets, but then it would be fairly certain to pension the wrong sort, and I think that pensions would not be an unmixed benefit. Patrons for poets are dead, and young poets have no public — or few old poets for that matter! Burns's appointment in the Excise did him little good, and the farm John Clare's friends bought him went to rack and ruin, and Clare himself ended in the asylum. One can only wait for the world to be made anew.

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Of four such poets, men who have struggled with illiteracy and poverty, I have a pile of books lying before me. It is against my conscience to pretend that I can find anything in these volumes as good as the best work of the more fortunate modern poets, but because there are hints that these men could have achieved much with better luck, because they are likely to be ignored elsewhere, and because they deserve a commendation which, God knows, is free from patronage, I will write briefly of them.

William Dowsing is, I believe, fairly well known in his native town of Sheffield, which claims him, probably justly, as her finest poet since Montgomery. He has been employed there by the firm of Vickers for twenty-six years, and during what must have been a hard-working life has managed to produce a large amount of poetry. His first four books, two of which Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. have published, I have not seen, but during the last two years he has brought out six volumes of sonnets based upon Raemakers's cartoons. His work is always pleasant to read, and shows great skill in form; but, at least in the six books of sonnets, is limited by its subject and is apt to grow mechanical. He writes, however, with admirable sincerity and, occasionally, with power.

Mr. Andrew Dodds's book of lyrics, *The Lothian Lad*, has had a wide circulation, and is now in its third edition. It well deserves its popularity, for the author has a knack of singing simple dialect songs for the people. One of those not written in *Scots* I quote as a charming example of what he can do:

BACK TO THE LAND

Now that the winter is over,
And the green creeps into the grass,
I turn like an ardent lover
Eager to meet his lass;
For long night o'er my churchwarden
I've dreamed of the joys to be,
When I would be back to my garden,
And the mavis back to his tree.

So here again I am quenching
My thirst for a smell of the soil;
My parsnip bed I am trenching
And I croon with joy at my toil.
The starling chirls on the rigging,
The mavis lilts on his tree,
And an old, old song, as I'm digging
Wells up in the heart of me.

Mr. William Hurrell, who so long as twenty years ago published his *Poems: Lyric, Dramatic, and Heroic*, displays in his recently published book, *The Passionate Painter*, a decided improvement. He sings of humble sanctities, of *lares et penates* in smoothly turned verse. His *Artizan's Sunday Dinner*, frankly offered as a counterpart to Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night*, which it follows in its material construction, is, in such lines as 'They dined, one herring two potatoes between five,' or 'To mock eugenic laws — in God's mysterious way,' it appears to me to be rather comically like some of the worst parts of Mr. Masefield's long narrative poems. Mr. Hurrell is much better as a sonneteer, so I will write down the third sonnet of those 'saved from a sequence':

If I were Beauty, and a woman, how
I'd hold my pride with sullen majesty;
With what a regal hand I'd sign a vow
To Thetis, queen of pride's obduracy.
Oh, with what pride doth show a gilded prow,
Beating to windward of a rocky lee;
So with top-gallants set I'd solely bow
To the boiling breakers of a storm-swept sea!

But such as they, O Queen, is his racked soul
That daily, hourly, hath the wrath incurred
Of such emotions, their vast wrath doth roll
To reefs of rage, where Beauty's self seems slurred.
So were I proud by beauty, Beauty's pride
Itself would bow — to waves so wild and wide.

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This poet has evidently read Shakespeare with profit, and except for the somewhat awkward bit of carpentry which joins the first four lines to the rest of the sonnet, has produced a commendable piece of work.

Mr. Samuel Looker also has read Shakespeare, and is a sonneteer. Like the three men I have previously mentioned, his themes are simple, and are of friendship, love, children, and Nature, but he has in places a sudden force and a sardonic humor (not always, however, very well directed) which mark him off from the others. In many ways he is the most interesting of the quartette. Entirely self-educated, I believe, he appears to have read widely and though living and supporting his wife and family on the meagre earnings of a dockyard laborer, has managed to acquire a knowledge of the best literature that many men with a hundredfold more opportunities might envy. His latest book, *Thorns and Sweet Briar*, with its two predecessors, *Songs of the Wayside* and *Slaves of the Sword* (the latter published by Messrs. C. W. Daniel, Ltd.), may be obtained from their author.

The longer pieces in these books are not well sustained, but in some of the lyrics and sonnets his love of Nature is sung in musical verse.

A lonely hill, a stretch of sand,
A salt wind blowing from the sea,
The waters rippling on the strand,
The sea-gull's cries are loud to me;
I muse amid the failing light
As softly falls the summer night.

How far away seems toil and pain
And all the lures of London Town,
The dreams of youth now come again
While climbs the moon o'er Shanklin Down.
'T was here my early joys had birth
Amid the beauty of the earth.

If Mr. Looker had only dropped the concluding couplet of each of these stanzas, which contains a redundant personal commentary, and had tinkered a very little with the remaining lines, he might have made a really delightful little lyric. As it is we feel that he has it in him to do good work, but rarely succeeds in being just to himself—often, I am afraid, because he will introduce himself into the picture. When he is directly objective, as in the sonnet *My Home*, his poetry is improved:

Here are blue skies, green seas, and lovely dreams,
Great hills, cool woods, awhile the seasons pass;
Here is such magic that to me it seems
There is a deeper color in the grass.
Here are salt winds and breezes wandering free,
Wild flowers in bloom, sea-birds that wheel and cry,
Blackbirds and thrushes singing in rapt glee,
Blent with the river's song that babbles nigh.

At dawn the air so cool with glorious zest,
Days blue and gold, the sunlit waters gleaming,
At eve great sunsets burning in the west,
And night with moon and stars in clear skies beaming.
White roads through uplands and through vales that go,
And perilous paths where boils the sea below.

So we may leave these four men who have struggled with adverse circumstances without having grown bitter, who have suffered without complaint, who have loved beauty and all kindly human things — knowing that service rendered under such difficulties as they must have met will be judged by God not by the result but by the intention. I confess that I am moved by contemplating their courage and faithfulness.

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THE INDISPENSABLE FOREST

BY GEORGES BEAUME

FRANCE was formerly covered with forests, a good many of which still exist. But now the blessed days of peace have come we shall have to think more of the trees, if we care for the security and the nobleness of our land. Trees are our friends, the joy of our eyes, and the confidants of our hearts, the most certain help in the life of our plains and our mountains, and, after their death the pleasant, sweet-smelling stay of our hearths.

Our grandfathers loved trees, for sentimental reasons, perhaps, largely, but also for practical ones. Consider the Druid gathering the sacred mistletoe in the depths of the forests. Picture to yourself the immense forests, of which we have no idea to-day, but which in the times of the Ligurians preserved the health and prosperity of the long coast of Languedoc, so little understood even now, stretching from the Rhone to Port-Vendres. This coast, laid waste centuries ago, has become inhospitable to men, in its strange domain of sand, mud, and stagnant waters where fever lurks. Have you ever been through the Cévennes, once clad with shady chestnut woods where our flocks of sheep and goat found a succulent pasturage; those naked and barren *causses* which shine like shields in the sun, or echo like drums under the impact of the impetuous winds? It is the oak which has given its name to the Quercy. The great oak trees of the Quercy called down the blessing of heaven upon their *causses*. With their knotty roots, mightier than the hands of men, they gave men and even the rock immovable stability. Their rustling mass stayed the clouds, and regular rain fed the brooks that flowed gayly to water the orchards, and the vineyards, the scattered farms, the villages rich in stout, sober peasantry and in sturdy cattle. To-day, on this stony *causse* which now brings scarcely anything forth, and is little by little encroached upon by brushwood, infrequent storms hurl into the cisterns, with mad fury, water that soon is brackish.

The wasted summits of our Pyrenees show how decayed the region is. The deep belt of forest which of yore covered the nakedness of our aged mother is being daily torn away by man. The vegetal earth that the grass kept upon the slopes glides downward with the waters. The rock stands out naked; chapped and exfoliated by the heat, by the cold, undermined by the thawing of the snow, it is carried away by the avalanches. Instead of a rich pasturage there remains a dry, ruined soil; the ploughman, who has driven out the shepherd, can win nothing from it himself. The waters, which used to filter gently down into the valley through the turf and the forests, now rush down in torrents, and cover the fields with the ruins he has made. Many hamlets have left the high valleys for want of firewood, and have fallen back toward France, fleeing their own devastations.

When will man learn that he is but a traveler on this earth, but the trustee of the common wealth his ancestors have created, and which it is his social duty to hand on intact at least to the

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masters of to-morrow, in the social community? Must he not have the brain of a semi-barbarian to deprive himself needlessly in one day of a fortune that it took years to amass?... On our Mediterranean coasts there rose countless fields of olive-trees, which afforded man, without requiring any work of him in return, the most savory fruit for his table, the fruit which yields oil so pure, so generous, that the ancients were not satisfied with drinking it, but anointed their bodies with it, when they were about to undertake work that called for strength. These olive trees, our trees of peace, the lovely silver foliage of which is all one, shimmer at the slightest breath of wind — they were stupidly uprooted, thirty years or so ago, under the pretext that they hindered the growth of the vine.

Our century-old woods often go up in smoke from the negligence of a sportsman, a shepherd, or some good city dweller out for a walk. Such losses, which add up to millions, are to be made good but slowly, after privations which men do not know to be their chastisement. Diodorus of Sicily, already, said that the word Pyrenees comes from the Greek *pur* (fire) because all the forests there were burned once, the shepherds having set them on fire. Is it necessary to allude to the fires which during the last two years have devoured so many woods of pine, chestnuts, and oak trees in Algeria, in Provence, in Gascony, in Perigord? . . . Negligence is sometimes willful, and what a crime it then is! I shall take only one example from the past. A *procès-verbal* dated May 8, 1670, declares: 'In our Pyrenees there is no forest which has not been burned frequently of malice prepense by the inhabitants, or in order to turn the woods into meadows or arable land.'

The forest, which is the image of life, changeful but eternal, with what respect should it be approached! It provides us with the precious materials of our cradles, our first one and our last one; with the requisites for our furniture, the familiar companions of our lives, be they humble or elegant. The forest always seems to welcome man like an intelligent friend who will tell it his sorrows and his hopes. It stretches out toward him its kindly branches which caress his forehead like the touch of a woman's hand. If he enters hesitatingly the winding avenues that lead to a spring or some bright clearing, it whispers to him, gently, discreetly, thoughts of peace and wisdom. Soon it envelops him in the waving folds of its mantle of verdure sown with flowers; it protects him from the heat of the sun, or the biting tooth of frost; it can remain submissively silent, huge, indefinite thing that it is, to leave to the sweetness of his memories or his hopes the man who, seated at the foot of a tree or on a mound of grass, yearns for a moment's rest, and instinctively joins his hands as if in prayer. It is full of the calm peace of a cathedral.

Yet listen to it, so full of life, ever new, day after day. Within it there is the thrill of perennial youth, in the mysteries of its being, in the gleam of the forms; and all the poetry of the seasons is in its movements and the shades of its colors. Listen to the low voices of its thickets, yonder, to the very hum of its insects flying round its flowering shrubs or creeping in the dark secrecy of its brushwood, to the sudden screech or the love-song of a bird, to the stealthy flight of an unseen creature, to the sobbing of a brook over its stones, and then, when the gust of wind whirls past, to the long cry sent up by a mournful or angry crowd, and rolling on in wave after wave till it fills space.

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In summer, it offers its very soul, pouring out even unto the ground the wealth of its foliage, and drinking in as high as it can the flame of day or the coolness of night. Its heavy breath spreads abroad the mingled odors of its trees, of its mould, of its groves, of its damp nooks. In autumn, what witchery of colors there is on its heaving ocean of branches! It is the wonderful season for the forest, the season of the shimmering splendors of the purple, the rust, the copper, the iron, the gold, and the silver, of all the metals, all the jewels that dawn each day sows on the branches weary of too long life in the feast of summer. And then winter, the long sleep of winter, under the hoar-frost, the snow, or the rain: the bare branches, almost black, along which sometimes there glide drops of water so limpid that they look like tears; during its sleep, at least, the forest reveals full willingly some of its mysteries and receives the sun-rays even down to the ground. But April comes. The forest wakens gently; it is clothed in a new dress and smiles with a kind of innocence at the sweeter sky: and the birds, the wasps, and the bees, seeing it happy again, come back to it, in the suave perfume of its opening foliage and its tenderly blooming flowers. All its hosts, moreover, come back and beg for shelter, food, and work; the wood-cutters and the charcoal-burners, collected in families under its spreading arches, living almost like primitive peoples healthy in body and soul.

The forest has naught but kindness for men. It enables us to build our houses, to lay our railways, to construct our ships, which go to the end of the earth to carry the produce of our workshops and our fields, the best fruits of our minds. It is not so much on account of the climate, which has sudden capricious bursts of severity, that we send our invalids to the Côte d'Azur, it is especially on account of the purifying breath of the forests that clothe the hills and mountains that slope down to the sea. Long ago, I went through the forest of Arcachon, where under the fine network of its branches the light glimmers in delicate shades as if it were falling through a stained-glass window. I was alone, in a carriage. First of all, in the silence of the great silent pines, I felt lonely. But soon there came over me the feeling of a huge, fateful force, like that felt in the middle of the sea on the waves stretching away mile after mile. With the humility of a child beginning to understand in how many acts of kindness the genius of life is manifested, I wondered at the quiet industrious virtue of the pines, secular giants that year by year give man the blood flowing from their wounds, the sap collected in the sandstone *pichets* all along their rugged trunks.

Like a temple, the forest preserves jealously the memory of the traditions and legends with which humanity has for generations entertained his ignorance or consoled his unrest. On the skirt of the countless army of oaks, firs, and beeches which for league upon league holds fast the soil of France in the Landes, near Dax, there rises the oak of Quillacq. Proudly it lifts above its fellows the rounded roof of its foliage, and interweaving its long gnarled branches, presents the bark of its battered trunk, that four men cannot encircle with their arms, to the peasants of the neighborhood who gather around it on certain anniversaries to pray in its shade, to hang from every part of its spreading mass, which laughs at time, tiny crosses, simple little ex-votos, and to dip their hands and their foreheads in the turbid water that sleeps in the hollows of its roots, the water of the storms mingled

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with the tears of the fairies and the sorceresses of that pagan forest district.

One day in August, in Lorraine, I entered alone the vast forest which half encircles Vaucouleurs, and which visitors to Domrémy seldom visit — neglect there is no accounting for. After a quarter of an hour, I lost myself in the undergrowth, floundering across a bed of dead leaves, listening in spite of myself, and not without dread, to the scurrying and creeping of animals, wild boars, perhaps. Soon a light shot up in the heart of the foliage, and suddenly I came upon an open space on a slope, at the foot of which there rippled a rivulet. There, in the centre of the clearing, rose a chapel sacred to Sainte Anne. I knocked timidly at the door of a poor little house close to the chapel. An old woman, over eighty, still straight, with pink cheeks and bright eyes, opened it at once and smiled. For fifty years she had watched over the statue of Sainte Anne, a wooden statue that had been found long ago at the bottom of a pond, and had 'never been willing to leave the forest.' For centuries people had come from all the villages round about, on certain holidays, to walk in procession in the forest in honor of Sainte Anne. Jeanne d'Arc doubtless took part in these pilgrimages, the unconsciously pagan piety of which was strengthened by the calmness of the trees.

And the Vosges! How often have I trod those broad smooth paths. No other forest is so orderly as that forest of tall black fir trees, often wreathed round with bindweed, and sweeping upward toward the hilltops in serried ranks. In the morning, if the mist lifts, those hilltops glitter with drops of dew; during the daytime, the sun caresses them with a gentle golden kiss; in the evening, they are truly quite blue, under a floating veil of thin fog, for the dark mantle of fir trees dips at once into the dying flame of the sun and the pale blue of the sky where the stars begin to peep out. The forest of the Vosges became strictly national after 1870. The line of the frontier passed up there, marked out along the crest of the huge mountains by green posts. Every Sunday, especially during the summer, the inhabitants of the two slopes of the Vosges went upon the heights, and far from the Prussian police, in the friendly peace of the trees, sheltered in the *chaumes* of the shepherds, they gathered together and spoke of their fatherland.

Their glorious fatherland, stripped to-day of so many forests! So much has been asked from them, during this never-ending war! Crushed by the shells, scored by the trenches, laid waste by the enemy, they have been called upon to give our soldiers firewood and protection. Was not the living belt with which they surround Paris its best defense? The slowness of these siege operations will have wrought in favor of the forest. To many men, its appearance has been a revelation: the appearance of its changing beauties and varied resources, manifold enough to meet the requirements of the season and the hour. Unfortunately, our finest forest trees have gone to Germany. In the ten departments occupied by the enemy, the wooded area was, in 1912, according to official statistics, about 2,500,000 acres, divided almost equally between the State and the communes on the one hand, and on the other, between the State and private owners. It is often thought that forests are the exclusive appanage of a few great land-owners: nothing of the sort. Great forest districts owned by private persons are rare; by far the greater part of the forest domain is made up in reality of

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little woods less than twenty-five acres in area. It is the forest land which has perhaps suffered the most in the fighting area. This destruction has particularly serious consequences, for a forest destroyed cannot be reconstituted except after very long time. It takes fifty years to make a little oak, two hundred to make a fine one. If it is easy to rebuild a house or a factory in a short space of time, given a sufficiently high indemnity, it will be impossible to bring back a forest to the state it was in before the war. What gives value to a forest is its superficies, and the wood standing, and it is time alone that can create that wood. An old, leafy forest, a fir wood in a good state of production may be worth from three to four thousand francs an acre, and even more. In the regions laid waste by the war, it will rarely be possible for us to replant the forest with the same kind of trees as those that have been destroyed. The oak, the beech, the hornbeam will be a long time in growing up. In the mountains, our magnificent woods of fir trees, an incomparable source of wealth when they were well looked after, will give way to pines. The appearance of these regions will be completely modified, not only for our generation, but also for that of our sons. And, for more than a century, the traveler, seeing this diversity, will say: 'The Germans have been here.'

At any rate, we still have the great Ardennes forest, the deep one (*ar duinn*) which stretches away on every side, rather immense than imposing. You meet with towns, villages, and pasturages; you think you are out of the woods, but these are nothing but clearings. The woods always begin again, always these little oaks, a humble, uniform ocean, the monotonous undulations of which can be seen at times from the top of some hill. The forest was much more unbroken formerly. Huntsmen could ride continuously in the shade from Germany, through the Luxemburg, to Picardy, from Saint Hubert to Notre-Dame de Liesse. Many things have taken place beneath this shade; these oaks, loaded with mistletoe, could tell many a tale, if they had the gift of speech. From the mysteries of the Druids to the wars of the Wild Boar of the Ardennes, in the fifteenth century; from the miraculous stage, the appearance of which converted Saint Hubert, to Yseult and her lover. They were sleeping on the moss when Yseult's husband surprised them; but they were so beautiful, so quiet with the great sword between them, that he went noiselessly away. The traveler should visit the hole of the Han, beyond Givet, which none dared enter formerly. He must visit the solitudes of Laylone, and the black rocks of the Lady of Muse, the table of the wizard Maugis, the ineffaceable print left in the rock by the hoof of Renaud's horse.

Thus there live in the forests dreams and thoughts that have lent color and richness of soul to the History of Men. They lend them still. In the smiling shade of the fragile arches they love to see the poet who loves them, they know, and just as at the time when the nymphs came to bend their youthful faces over their glassy brooks, they favor in him the happy tremor of meditation, the patient effort of his mind and heart toward the eternal beauties, an example of which they show him in their own masterpieces. Take the forest of Fontainebleau, that grandiose sylvan wonder, which nourished, now with the virtues of its austere strength, now with the charms of its grace, the art of Millet, Rousseau, Diaz, of a Pleiad of other painters, less celebrated, but no less in love with the

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splendors and silences of the free forest.

The forest is a wealth, a decoration, a poem. All over the land of France, we must give it our thanks and our most active attention, in our own interest and out of gratitude and dignity.

La Revue France

SAINT JOAN OF ARC

BY L. WHEATON

If the French, in mid-war, promised a Church, worthy of her, in honor of the Blessed Jeanne d'Arc, should the Allied cause be victorious, then the promise remains to be redeemed. Throughout the terrible struggle on the Western Front there has been a continual subconscious sense of the Maid's presence and mission. The martyrdom of Rheims (the scene of her brief earthly glory), the memory of that old fight for the liberation of France in which she figured so simply and so splendidly, these and other associations have touched the imagination of even her ancient foes, and as an English regiment filed past her statue, on entering a French town, man after man saluted it with a chivalrous 'Pardon, Jeanne!' In the realm of literature, too, the English have already amply atoned for their very natural part in the Maid's tragedy, for Jeanne has had her admirers and defenders among men of letters in both England and America for a good century.

In the last decade or two of years, we have had lives of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Bernard, St. Teresa, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Francis Xavier, by writers who too evidently are outside the atmosphere of their subjects. It is impossible for our saints to be understood by those who have not shared in their fullness of life, who have not known Christ in the breaking of bread. The bare facts may be carefully accurate, but the interpretation is often far afield, and the letter killeth, where the spirit quickeneth not. In the case of Jeanne, however, the true artist has his own privilege. He has been allowed to look, if not to live, within that sacred inner sanctuary where saints are fashioned, and to apprehend with the poet's instinct what the mere scholar may miss. 'Two strong angels stand by the side of history,' writes Jeanne's first Protestant apologist, De Quincey, 'as heraldic supporters; the angel of research on the left hand that must read millions of dusty parchments blotted with lies; and the angel of meditation on the right hand that must cleanse those lying records with fire and must quicken them with regenerate life.' More than 'two angels of meditation,' by a strange irony of history, have appeared in the English-speaking world to interpret this shining figure, sometimes, it would seem, disparaged and misunderstood by certain academic judges in her own country:

But that is the modern method [writes Mr. Chesterton, of Anatole France's

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Jeanne d'Arc], the method of the reverent skeptic. When you find a life entirely incredible and incomprehensible from the outside, you pretend that you understand the inside. M. France read M. France's nature into Joan of Arc — all the cold kindness, all the homeless sentimentalism of the modern literary man. . . . As Anatole France, on his own intellectual principle, cannot believe in what Joan of Arc did, he professes to be her dearest friend and to know exactly what she meant. I cannot feel it to be a very rational way of writing history, and sooner or later we shall have to find some more solid way of dealing with those spiritual phenomena with which all history is as closely spotted and spangled as the sky is with stars. Joan of Arc is a wild and wonderful thing enough, but she is much more sane than most of her critics and biographers. We shall not recover the common sense of Joan until we have recovered her mysticism. . . . Her war succeeded because it began with something wild and perfect — the saints delivering France. She put her idealism in the right place, and her realism also in the right place; we moderns get both misplaced. She put her dreams and her sentiments into her aims where they ought to be; she put her practicality into her practice. . . . Our dreams, our aims, are always, we insist, quite practical. It is our practice that is dreaming. It is not for us to interpret this flaming figure in the terms of our tired and querulous culture. Rather we must try to explain ourselves by the blaze of such fixed stars.

Andrew Lang was one of the most industrious of Jeanne's defenders. Apart from his chivalrous tribute to her in that enthusiastic fantasy, *A Monk of Fife*, he has spared no pains in his research for authority to prove her innocent heroism, and he adds his evidence to her character as a child of the Church: 'There is no basis for the Protestant idea that Jeanne was a premature believer in Free Thought and the liberty of private opinion. She was as sound a Catholic as a man or woman could be in matters of faith; she was only forced by injustice into maintaining her freedom in matters of fact, of personal experience.'

Although sculpture and painting have been pressed into the service of the Maid, there has been a certain dissatisfying unreality in most of these achievements. One of the countrymen of the Maid of Lorraine, impatient at the fancy of idealized statues and pictures of the peasant girl, boasted that he would paint a true Jeanne. In the Metropolitan Museum of New York hangs the famous painting by Bastien-Lepage which is not only a faithful portrait by one who understood his subject, but which is a curiously interpretative work of art. In its details the work may be unpleasing to one not in sympathy with the extreme impressionist manner, but the central figure compensates for any artistic annoyance and is to me a revelation. It somehow explains Jeanne. She is essentially a peasant, strong-boned, awkward perhaps; the wrists are thick, and there is a hint of thick ankles under the heavy homespun skirt. A bodice is crookedly laced over a coarse white chemisette and the entire figure, clumsy but modest, breathes the very spirit of toil. Above the firm column of neck is the fine outline of jaw, a strong, sweet mouth — good sensible features all; but over these and under the wide brow, from which the hair is carelessly drawn back into an ungraceful knot, is the essence and meaning of herself and her mission, the wonderful vision of the eyes. Just as Leonardo's sphinx-like Lady Lisa seems to draw all outward life into the dim recesses of her own observant mind, and throw the picture of it into her enigmatic smile, so, in contrast, this simple child of the soil looks quite out of herself into the region of things spiritual, unworldly and eternal. On her innocent soul the divine inspiration falls unimpeded by mists of self and sin. To her attentive ear come the whisperings of those voices which were the

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messengers of the divine will. It would be impossible to describe the peculiar self-detached attitude or to exaggerate the luminous clarity which Lepage has put into the eyes. They are not especially beautiful eyes — pale, wide, with no effects of shadows or any touch of earth to enhance them, they hold, nevertheless, the expression which we recognize as that of an elect and virginal soul. The whole figure seems to radiate innocence. It embodies in color what De Quincey so reverently painted in words:

> The poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that, like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa, rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration rooted deep in pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings. . . . She was a girl of natural piety that saw God in forests and hills and fountains, but did not the less seek Him in chapels and consecrated oratories. The peasant girl was self-educated through her own natural meditativeness. . . . It is not necessary to the honor of Joan, nor is there in this place room to pursue her brief career of action. That, though wonderful, forms the earthly part of her story; the spiritual part is the saintly passion of her imprisonment, trial, and execution.

It would seem as if this strange little northern champion* of the Blessed Maid had, with Catholic and prophetic instinct, beatified her unofficially in his own musings. Even to those who ignore the religious inspiration of her mission, how unique and wonderful must be her position in history! There has just been Agincourt and its splendid hero, and the thrilling lines of Shakespeare's 'O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts,' stir in memory at the mere mention of the name. There has been the overwhelming triumph, the humiliating Treaty of Troyes, the fleur-de-lys quartered with the English arms — and then, opposed to the heroic figure of Henry V, the humble peasant of Domrémy, keeping her father's sheep and spinning her mother's flax, and leading a life of piety and toil; then suddenly appearing at the head of an army and leading men to certain victory and the coronation of their rightful King, when this child was only seventeen. The brain reels at the swift miracle of it all — nor must we be too hard on the angry enemies who called her sorceress for such magical success. It is like a tale of impossible adventure, yet very simple and human is the Maid in the midst of it, making the history of her military tactics and acute knowledge of situations all the more striking.

It is worth while to quote in this connection part of the account of the taking of Les Tourelles as described in Andrew Lang's *Maid of France*. It helps us to enter into the wonder of the thing, and in the light of recent events we are now more keenly interested in this strange, quick campaign, with its strategy, its swift assault, its restrained waitings, the order and discipline of it all, under the leadership of an unlettered country girl. We read in an earlier chapter that 'The Maid always bore her standard when in action, that she might strike no man with the sword. She never slew any man with the sword.' The taking of Les Tourelles she acknowledges 'gave me much more to do, more than I ever had yet':

> At sunrise on May 7th, Jeanne heard Mass. The attack began early in the morning . . . and well the English fought, for the French were scaling at once in different places, in thick swarms, attacking on the highest part of their walls, with such hardihood and valor that to see them you would have thought they deemed themselves immortal. But the English drove them back many times and tumbled them from high to low, fighting with bow-shot and gunpowder, with axes, lances, bills,

*'My very own Thomas de Quincey.' — *Francis Thompson.*

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and leaden maces, and even with their fists. . . . Ladders were rising, men were climbing them; the ladders were overthrown, or the climbers were shot, or smitten, or grappled with and dashed into the fosse; while the air whirred to the flight of arrows and bolts, and the smoke rose sulphurous from the mouths of guns. The Standard of the Maid floated hard by the wall till, about noonday, a bolt or arrow pierced her shoulder plate as she climbed the first ladder, and the point passed clean through the armor and body, standing out a hand's breadth behind. She shrank and wept, says her confessor. Probably her place in the front rank was not long empty. There she stood under her banner and cried on her French and Scots; but they were weary and the sun fell, and men who had said that 'in a month that fort could scarce be taken,' lost heart as the lights of Orleans began to reflect themselves in the waters of the Loire. . . . 'Doubt not; the place is ours,' called the clear, girlish voice. But Dunois held that there was no hope of victory this day; and he had to sound the recall, and gave orders to withdraw across the river to the city. . . . 'But, then' continues Dunois 'the Maid came to me, and asked me to wait yet a little while.' Then she mounted her horse and went alone into a vineyard, some way from the throng of men, and in that vineyard she abode in prayer for about a quarter of an hour. Then she came back, and straightway took her standard into her hands and planted it on the edge of the fosse. . . . The English, seeing the wounded witch again where she had stood from early morning, 'shuddered, and fear fell upon them,' says Dunois. His language is Homeric.

Then follows the stirring recital of the onslaught, upon the command of the Maid to enter; the complete victory of the French, the loss to a man of the sturdy English who fell into the moat and were drowned by the weight of their heavy armor:

Steel, fire, water had conspired against them. Jeanne saw this last horror of the fight. She knelt, weeping and praying for her enemies and insulters. The joy bells of Orleans sounded across the dark Loire, lit with red flames. . . . She had kept her word, she had shown her sign, and the tide of English arms never again surged so far as the City of St. Arguan. The victory, her companions in arms attest, was all her own. They had despaired, they were in retreat, when she, bitterly wounded as she was, recalled them to the charge. Within less than a week of her first day under fire the girl of seventeen had done what Wolfe did on the heights of Abraham, what Bruce did at Bannockburn. She had gained one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world.

Some features of the conflict now past, and crowned with a victory almost undreamed of in its terrific completeness, recall that other heroic epoch of French history in some of its spiritual aspects. At the first Battle of the Marne, Kitchener was heard to exclaim: 'Someone has been praying.' Was it the intercession of those exiled nuns driven from France to the kindly shores of England which helped to gain that first strange victory in the beloved country from which they were torn but not estranged? Is it perhaps England's hospitality to these consecrated ones which won her a welcome in Bethlehem on the Christmas Day of 1917, when all was dark, and the taking of Jerusalem came to the Allies like a smile of God in the night? In the perspective of events since the French Revolution, this might easily be so. In any case, the English warriors had many a grateful beadswoman of whose existence they were ignorant.

But although prayer was deep in the hearts of the people and made the background of every passing victory or escape from imminent danger, anyone who followed attentively the outward currents of life, and who could notice, for instance, the tone of the English press as the public expression of feeling, could not but be struck by the absence of all *creaturely* attitude. Self-reliance, human courage, a belief in British integrity and ultimate invincibility — and then when the black moment came the heroic effort

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to meet the need by sheer grit — all these were splendid exhibitions of national and natural virtue. But there was never a word about our dependence upon God. Then suddenly there came a change, welcome to those who had long and anxiously looked for it. Column after column appeared in the daily papers of appeals for prayer, of reminders of our human limitations and conditions, of our powerlessness without the Divine assistance. And the country responded with an almost audible sigh of relief. There ensued not a day of appointed prayer, but an atmosphere of prayer, and a distinct attitude of dependence.

And attitude makes all the difference. It would seem as if this was what was wanting, for as soon as the note of the Miserere was struck in public utterance, help came in a signal and unmistakable way. The Man of the Hour, the darkest hour in European history, stood suddenly revealed, and by universal consent was appointed to the supreme command of the Allied Armies; chosen by men because of his unique military genius, but divinely predestined to be the savior of his country because he was humble enough and simple enough to bear his almost miraculous success without taking God's glory for his own. A man of prayer, a daily communicant, a soldier whose Catholic principle had been more to him than any worldly promotion, he stood aside from himself and let God live and work through him, and the end was achieved with the magnificence that belongs to all God's unimpeded workings. In the accomplishment of that end let us grant the full meed of praise to the heroic sacrifices of four years of strain and persistence. Human valor held the seas and defended threatened territory with an enduring determination beyond all measure. But just as in the time of Jeanne there came a crisis when it seemed as if France were lost to her own children and in that awful moment deliverance came, so in the tense months of suspense between the collapse of Russia and the coming of United States troops, when England was spent with her superhuman effort and France was bleeding to death, when the German hordes were pouring in from the East to the Western Front, when to those who could not still hope and believe, all seemed lost, in that hour of possible catastrophe, the Allies realized the meaning of those words of the great Marshal Foch: 'Prayer has saved the Allies before in this deadly struggle and it will save them again.'

In this war of high averages, where most men are heroes and all are brave, one asks what it is that has raised this officer to such undisputed and ungrudged eminence and ascendancy? For Foch does not seem to challenge jealousy. There is but one title to such unique prestige as his: it is the supernatural character of the man, his spiritual dominance, his detachment. On the face of history it will be written that the superb strategy of the Generalissimo saved the final situation, but on the lips and deep in the heart of this humble instrument of the Divine Will are other words, those that show the right to conquest: *Non nobis Domine non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.* And even before the splendid reinforcement in men and spirit that came in a wave of enthusiasm from the New World, the victory of the Allies was assured. All the rest counted and helped, but the turn of the tide was due to the supernatural. Once more the motto of France's deliverance was that of the Maid, *De Par le Roy du Ciel.*

And so, too, the explanation of Jeanne is simple enough. God intended France to be, not a vassal, but a country

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complete in herself and He chose a selfless instrument for the most difficult part in the accomplishment of this design. Power is made perfect in infirmity; and in the unspoiled grace of her meek and radiant girlhood there was no impediment to the Divine Will. She knew her place, her work was official, and if there had not been the burning at Rouen, there would have begun again the old shepherdess life at Domrémy. The storming of a citadel and the keeping of her father's sheep were equally in the day's work of God's appointment. She might have shirked the difficult task. She certainly had her natural shrinkings, but there was in her something stronger than herself. That gentle girl was a very shrine of the Gifts of the Holy Spirit. She is only hard to understand because her life is on supernatural lines from first to last, while her soft natural girlishness reminds us how human a thing and feminine Jeanne was. And so prompted by the divine inspiration she accepted her difficult mission — the toil of it, the passing glory of it, the ensuing shame and pain of it, and the final consummation of her poor earthly frame. How splendid in the perspective of history is the pathetic figure in the dreadful burning! Who would have it otherwise? Theology and art accept it as the apotheosis of the Maid, the glorious failure of the earthly part. Throughout her dramatic career there was never a moment's pose or pretense. What faults she committed were never of pride, but of some passing timidity or weakness, in short, wild hunted moments, like the leaping from the Tower of Beaurevoir, and that wearied assent to her persecutors after she had plaintively begged for the Life-giving Sacrament and had been refused its strength. She was ever human and we love to think of her, not riding triumphantly across the bridge at Orleans, or standing with her victorious banner beside the crowned King at Rheims, but crying meekly from her throne of smoke and flame, 'Jesus! Jesus!' forgiving those who indeed knew not what they did, gentle and feminine to the last.

And since her solemn Beatification in 1909, we may not sit in judgment on her even if we would. The Maid has sustained the ordeal of her last earthly tribunal and is beyond the reach of speculation. She is authoritatively declared to have passed from the Church Militant (and such indeed it was to her) to the Church Triumphant. But even now in this later hour of victory, her work is not completed. It is time for her to look again to the lilies of France in the hearts of her young children; to enthrone another King, not in the ancient seat of earthly sovereigns, blighted and blasted in this fearful war, but in the ranks of all who hail as Mother her who is the eldest daughter of the Church. Look to your fleur-de-lys even now, holy Jeanne, in this hour of France's earthly triumph!

It is indeed part of her unfinished work to bring back to the government of Christian-hearted France her old inheritance of faith. If the fruit of temporal blessings was garnered in her own time and is ready for garnering now, surely there is a richer spiritual harvest at hand for her country's greater need. That death was rich enough in pain for plentiful grain, for never was martyrdom more prolonged and forlorn. Her dereliction was piteous indeed. The desolation of misunderstanding, the maidenly quiverings from protracted insult, the weary waiting in captivity of this child of air and sun and freedom, the human dread of torture and death; the unutterable longing for the sacraments

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which were denied her in her character as witch; the vague alarm and suspense, the darkness of it and its nameless horrors encompassed her with a cloud of terror. But the anguish had its hour, and when at last the Bread of Life was given her, she arose, strong in the memory of another Passion, and went forth in meek submission to meet her flaming death. That was her fitting end. There was more of fire than earth in Jeanne — for her there was to be no slow decay, no humiliating dissolution. From the charred and tortured body the heroic spirit issued, flame from flame.

The Dublin Review

THROUGH THE KIEL CANAL IN THE HERCULES

BY LEWIS B. FREEMAN

THE Hercules and her four escorting destroyers (the latter having been scattered during the last few days to various ports and air stations in connection with the inspection being pushed along all the German North Sea coast) were to have rendezvoused at Brünsbuttel by dark on December 10, in order to be ready to start through the Kiel Canal at daybreak the following morning. At the appointed time, however, only the Viceroy (which had pushed through that morning with the 'air' party on its way to the Zeppelin station at Tondern) was on hand. The Hercules, which had got under way from Wilhemshaven during the forenoon, reported that she had been compelled to anchor off the Elbe estuary on account of the fog, and the Verdun, coming on from her visits to Borkum and Heligoland, had been delayed from a similar cause. The Vidette and Venetia, which were helping the 'shipping' and 'warship' parties get around the harbors of Bremen and Hamburg, signaled that their work was still incompleted, and they would have to proceed later to Kiel 'on their own.'

Returning to Brünsbuttel from the Tondern visit well along toward midnight, the absence of the Hercules compelled the four of us who had made that arduous journey to put up in the Viceroy (the accommodations in the 'V's' appear to be as elastic as the good nature of their officers is elastic), and the impossibility of rejoining our own ships in the morning was responsible for the fact that we continued with her — the first British destroyer to pass through the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal — on to Kiel. It was a passage as memorable as historic.

An improving visibility toward morning enabled the Hercules to get under way again before daybreak, and in the first gray light of the winter dawn she came nosing past us and on up to the entrance of the canal. At each end of the latter there are two locks — lying side by side — for both 'outgoing' and 'incoming' ships. The right side one of the 'incoming' pair had been reserved for the Hercules, while the other was kept clear for the Regensburg — flying Admiral Goette's flag — and the two British destroyers.

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The difference in level between the canal and the waters of the Elbe, varying considerably with the tide, is only a few feet at the most, and the locking through, as a consequence, only a matter of minutes.

The Hercules and Regensburg were already in their respective locks as the Viceroy, with the Verdun half a cable's length astern, came gliding up out of the fog, the former already beginning to show her great bulk above the side as she lifted with the inpouring water. The attention of the score or so Germans standing on the wall between the locks was centred, not on the Hercules, as one might have expected, but on the Regensburg, the most of them being gathered in a gesticulative group abreast the latter's bows. The reason for this we saw presently.

The handling of the British destroyers on this occasion was one of the smartest things of the kind I ever saw. Indeed, under the circumstances, spectacular is a fitter word to describe it than smart. Without reducing the speed of her engines by a revolution, the Viceroy continued right on into the narrow water-lane of the lock at the same gait she had approached its entrance. Certainly she was doing ten knots an hour, and probably a good bit over that. On into the still more restricted space between the Regensburg and the right side of the dock she drove, and I remember distinctly seeing men who were crossing the canal on the bridge made by the folded flaps break into a run to avoid the imminent crash. And she never did slow down; she *stopped*. While there was still a score of yards to go, the Captain threw the engine-room telegraph over to 'Stop!' and 'Half-speed astern!' and, straining like a hound in leash as the reversed propellers killed her headway, stop she did. The superlative finesse of the thing (for they had seen something before of the handling of ships in narrow places) fairly swept the gathering dockside vultures off their feet with astonishment, and one little knot of sailors all but broke into a cheer. Then the Verdun came dashing up and repeated the same spectacular manœvre in our wake; only, instead of bringing up a few feet short of the lock gates, it was the stern of the Viceroy, with its festoon of poised depth-charges, that her axelike bows backed away from after nosing up close enough to sniff, if not to scratch, the paint.

'You've impressed the Hun right enough, sir,' I remarked to the Captain as he rang down 'Finished with the engines,' and turned to descend the ladder of the bridge; 'but was n't it just a bit ——'

'Yes, it was rather slow,' he cut in apologetically, in answer to what he thought I was going to say; 'but I did n't dare to take any chances of coming a cropper in strange water. Now, if it had been the old "Pen" at Rosyth, we might have shown them what one of the little old "V's" can do when it comes to a pinch.'

At the time I thought he was joking — that I had seen the extreme limit that morning of the 'handiness' of the modern destroyer. But the Viceroy, astonishing as that performance had been, still had something up her sleeve. A week later, in the fog-shrouded entrance of Kiel Fjord, when a slip would have been a good deal more serious matter than the telescoping of a bow on a lock gate, I saw how much.

From the vantage of the bridge, I saw, just before descending to breakfast, what it had been that had deflected the attention of the lock-side loafers from the Hercules to the Regensburg. That most graceful of

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light cruisers had paid the penalty of being left with a most disgraceful crew. *She* had rammed the lock gate full and square, and — from the look of her bows — while she still had a good deal of way on.

The day she met the Hercules in Heligoland Bight, a week before, we had remarked especially the trim lissomeness of those same fine bows. And now the sharp stem was bent several feet to port, while all back along her 'flare' the buckled plating heaved in undulant corrugations like the hide on the neck of an old bull rhino. As it was the kind of a repair that it would take a month or more in dock to effect, there was nothing for the Germans to do but go on using her as she was. Luckily, she did not appear to be making much water. She followed us through the canal without difficulty, and — as the days when she might have been called upon to shake out her thirty-odd knots were gone forever — it is probable that she served Admiral Goette just as well for a flagship as any other of her undamaged sisters would have. But they were never able to smooth out her 'brow of care' during all of our stay in German waters; indeed, I shall be greatly surprised if she does not come poking that same (to use the term I heard a bluejacket in the Viceroy apply to it that morning) 'cauliflower nose' along in front of her when she is finally handed over for internment at Scapa.

Although they would be dwarfed beside such great structures as the Pedro Miguel or the Gatun locks of the Panama Canal, the locks at Brünsbuttel are fine solid works, displaying on every hand evidences of the great attention which had been given to providing for their rapid operation under pressure, as when the High Seas Fleet was being rushed through from the Baltic to the North Sea. Having been enlarged primarily to 'double the strength of the German fleet,' expense had not mattered to the extent it would have had the canal been expected to justify itself commercially. The merchant traffic of the waterway for many years to come would not have demanded the double locks at either end; but naval exigencies called for speedy operation at any cost, and they were built.

Everything about the locks was in extremely good repair. Even the great agate and onyx mosaic of the name Kaiser Wilhelm Kanal, set between the double-headed eagles of the Imperial arms, had been swept and polished to display it to best advantage. The locks were only the front-window display, however, for the badly eroded banks of the canal itself testified to the same lack of maintenance that the German railways were suffering from. As our pilot reported that the revolutionists had spent the night obliterating all the Imperial names — such as Kaiserstrasse and Kronprinzstrasse — in Brünsbuttel, one felt safe in assuming that the gaudy mosaic on the lock wall had been furbished as a decoration not as a symbol.

The Hercules, having been raised to the proper level, was locked out into the canal, along which she proceeded at the steady six-knot speed laid down as the limit not to be exceeded by ships of her size. Although of considerably less displacement than a number of the largest of the German capital ships, she was of greater draught than any of these, and even the consumption of several hundred tons of coal on the voyage from Rosyth still left her drawing more than the thirty-odd feet that the German naval command had set as the limit. This had been figured out in advance, however, and an oiling all round of the

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destroyers before leaving Wilhelmshaven had brought her up just the few inches necessary to make the passage without injury either to her own bottom or that of the canal.

The Hercules had traversed about a mile of the canal before the Viceroy was locked out to follow in her wake, and something like that interval was preserved throughout the passage. The Verdun kept about a quarter of a mile astern of the Viceroy, with the Regensburg — but so far back as to be out of sight of the destroyers — bringing up the rear. Two squat patrol-launches — one on either quarter, a couple of hundred yards astern — followed the Hercules all the way, but for just what purpose we could not make out.

For the first few miles the country on either side of the canal was of the same low-lying nature as that through which all of our railway journeys from Wilhelmshaven had been made. Ditched and diked marshland alternated with stretches of bog and broad sheets of stagnant water, where the drainage system had proved unequal to carrying off the overflow of the inundations following the winter rains. Cultivation was at a standstill here, probably until the water-logged soil dried out in the spring. Like the East Frisian Peninsula, the region was essentially a grazing rather than an agricultural one, and the farmers were paying the penalty of having broken up grass land that was only dry enough for cultivation during a few months of the year. Cattle was scarce, sheep scarcer, and such of the inhabitants as were visible around the dismal farmsteads had the dull purposeless air of people with nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in.

As we fared inland only the gradually heightening banks told that the country was increasing in elevation. Ponds and bogs were still frequent, and it was not until the first low hills were reached that there appeared to be enough drainage for the land to shake itself free of water. Here the country took on a more cheerful aspect, due principally to the fact that the people, many of whom were at work, seemed less 'bogged down' — both mentally and physically — than their countrymen in the water-logged areas nearer the sea. Most of them appeared capable of recognizing us as Allied warships (something which few of the others seemed to have done), and when this had sunk home they usually hurried down to the bank of the canal for a closer view. Most of these isolated farming people were undemonstrative, however, and it was not until the more sophisticated inhabitants of the villages and towns were encountered that women and children were seen to wave their hands and men to doff their hats and bow. Most of the population, both agricultural and industrial, is found toward the Kiel rather than the Brünsbuttel end of the canal.

At one point we came upon two men and a girl feverishly engaged in skinning a horse that appeared to have dropped dead in the furrow. Or, rather, they had already skinned it and were busy cutting up the carcass. Watching through my glass from the bridge of the Viceroy, I saw all three of them rush helter-skelter over a hill and out of sight as the Hercules came abreast of them, only to hurry back and resume their grisly work when she had disappeared around a bend just ahead. When they again took to their heels on sighting the Viceroy, I asked our German pilot what they were afraid of. The law required, he replied, that the proper authorities should be notified of the death of any head of live stock in order that the meat (in case it was

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deemed fit for human consumption) should be distributed through the regular rationing channels. These people, he thought, were in the act of stealing their own dead horse, and doubtless their own guilty consciences made them fear they would be reported and delivered up to justice. Since witnessing this incident I have found myself rather less inclined to dwell in retrospect on the huge juicy 'beefsteak' I had devoured with such gusto when it was the *pièce de resistance* on the menu of our luncheon at the Nordholz Zeppelin station a couple of days previously.

Through the low country the construction of the canal had evidently been only a matter of dredging, but the multiplication in size and number of the 'dumps' as the elevation increased showed that there had been places where digging on an extensive scale had been necessary, especially in connection with the widening and deepening operations. The fact that most of the 'dumps' appeared to consist of earth of a very loose and sandy nature (some of them so much so that they had been planted thickly with young trees to prevent their being shifted by the winds) showed that the excavation problem had been a comparatively simple one, more of the nature of that at Suez than Panama, where so much of the way had to be blasted through solid rock.

The looseness of the earth had made it necessary to cut the banks at as low an angle as forty-five degrees in places, to prevent caving, and at these points the under-water part of the channel was surfaced with roughly cut stone to minimize erosion. As this work had only been carried a few feet above the surface of the water, it required but slight speed on the part of a large ship to produce a wave high enough to splash over on to the unprotected earth and bring it down in slides. This had doubtless happened very often in the course of the frequent shuttling to and fro of the High Seas Fleet, for the stonework was heavily undermined in many places, with little to indicate that much had been done in the way of repairs.

Except in the locks (and even there the concrete was cracking badly, especially at the Kiel end), the canal showed many evidences of the haste of its construction and the serious deterioration it had suffered from heavy use and inadequate maintenance. It will require much money and labor to put it in proper condition again, and neither of these is likely to be overplentiful in Germany for many years to come.

Our first glimpse of Allied prisoners in their 'natural habitat' occurred at a point about twenty miles inland from Brünsbuttel, where a new and very lofty railway viaduct was being thrown across the canal. The extensive groups of huts along the bank in the shadow of the half-completed final span of steel looked, from a distance, like ordinary workmen's quarters. As we drew near, however, broad belts of barbed wire surrounding those on the right side suggested that they were used as a prison camp, even before our glasses had revealed the motley-clad group on the bank waving to the Hercules. As the Viceroy came abreast the excited and constantly augmenting crowd, we saw that the uniforms were mostly French and Russian, though there were three men in the gray of Italy and at least one with the unmistakable cap of the Serbs. A hulking chap in khaki, whom I was making the object of an especially close scrutiny on the chance that he might be British or American, put an end to doubt by slapping his chest resoundingly and announcing proudly, '*Je suis Belge!*'

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From the fact that they were all in high spirits, we took it that they were getting enough to eat and that prospects for repatriation were favorable.

We had quite given up hope of sighting any British when suddenly, from behind a barbed-wire barrier, fencing off the last group of huts, rang out a cry of ''Ow's ol' Blighty?' Sweeping my glass round to the quarter from whence the query came, I focused on a phiz which, despite its mask of lather, I would have recognized as Cockney just as surely in Korea or Katmandu as on the banks of the Kiel Canal. Waving his brush jauntily in response to the salvo of delighted howls boomed out by the bluejackets lining the starboard rail, he turned back to the little pocket mirror on the side of the hut and resumed his interrupted shave.

'Can you beat that, I ask you?' gasped an American flying officer, who had just clambered up to the bridge. 'Here it is the first time that "Tommy" has seen his country's flag in anywhere from one to four years; and yet, even when he must know he could get a lift home for the asking, all he does is to — go on scraping his face! I say, *can* you beat it?'

The Captain did not reply, but his indulgent grin indicated a sympathetic understanding of 'British repressiveness.'

But if this particular 'Tommy' had been somewhat casual in his greeting, there was nothing to complain of on that score in the reception given us by the next British prisoners we encountered, a few miles farther along. The incident — one of the most dramatic of the visit — occurred just after the Hercules had passed under the great railway viaduct which crosses the canal almost midway between Brünsbuttel and Kiel. Wherever practicable, I might explain, all railways have been carried across the canal at a height sufficient to allow even the lofty topmasts of the German warships to pass under them by a comfortable margin. Not one of the several viaducts runs much under two hundred feet above the water, and to attain this height at an easy grade long approaches have been necessary. Some of these — partly steel trestle, partly embankment — stretched beyond eyescope to left and right, but at the viaduct in question the ascent was accomplished by means of two great spiral loops at either end.

A segment of the loop on the left ran close beside the canal in the form of a steep embankment, and as the Hercules glided under the viaduct I saw (we had closed up to within a few hundred yards of her at the time) a long train of passenger cars, drawn by two puffing engines, just starting on the heavy climb. Suddenly I caught the flash of what I took to be a red flag being wildly waved from one of the car windows, and I was just starting to tell the Captain that we were about to pass a trainload of revolutionaries, when the gust of a mighty cheer swept along the waters to us and set the radio aerials ringing above my head.

'You can't tell me that's a "Bolshie" yell,' observed the American flying officer decisively. 'Nothing but Yanks or Tommies could cough out a roar like that, believe me.'

Then I saw that all the canal-ward sides of the dozen or more coaches were wriggling with khaki arms and shoulders (for all the world as though a great two-hundred-yard-long centipede had been pinned up there and left to squirm), and that what I had taken for the red flag of anarchy was only the mass effect of a number of fluttering bandanas. Again and again they cheered the Hercules, and the White

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Ensign, with a fresh salvo for the Viceroy, which they sighted just before the curve of the loop the train was ascending cut off their view of the canal. That was all we ever saw or heard of them. We were never even sure whether they were British or American. We felt sure, however, that the fact that most of them were still in khaki pointed to the probability that their stay in the 'Land of Kultur' had not been a long one, and, moreover, that they were even then on the first leg of their journey home.

Prisoners — mostly Russian — working on the land were more and more in evidence as we neared the Kiel end of the canal. The majority of them still wore their army uniforms, but otherwise there was little to differentiate them at a short distance from the native peasant labor. None of them appeared to be under guard, and in many places they were working side by side with German farm-hands of both sexes. At a number of points I saw Russians lounging indolently in groups consisting mostly of German men and women who had gathered along the canal to watch us pass, and two or three times I noticed unmistakable Russian prisoners walking arm in arm, and apparently in animated conversation with German girls. They seemed quite to have taken root in the country. Indeed, the pilot of the Viceroy for the first half of the voyage through the canal — he was a Schleswig man, strongly Danish in appearance and probably in sympathies — assured me that the Germans had had the greatest difficulty in getting Russian prisoners to leave the country at all, and that there had been frequent 'desertions' from trains and boats whenever it had been attempted. This may well have been true, though — with labor in Germany as much in demand as it was throughout the war— I doubt very much if a great deal in the way of repatriation of Russians had ever been attempted.

As the towns and villages increased in size and number, as we came to the Baltic end of the canal, evidences multiplied that the population expected our coming and that, directly or indirectly, they had been instructed to adopt a 'conciliatory' bearing. In the farming region toward the North Sea end their bearing had been more suggestive of indifference than anything else; but in the crowds that came down to line the railed promenades along the banks an ingratiating attitude was at once apparent. Some of these people, were, of course, of Danish extraction and probably sincere, especially a number who waved their hands from inside of doorways, as though to avoid being observed by their neighbors; but for the most part it was the same nauseating exhibition we had already seen repeated so often at railway stations all over the North Sea littoral.

The only individual we saw in the course of the whole passage who thoroughly convinced me of his sincerity was a bloated ruffian who hailed us from the stern of the barge he had edged into a ferry slip to give us room to pass. 'Go back to England, you English swine!' he roared to the accompaniment of a lewd gesture. We learned later that he also gave the Hercules and Verdun the same peremptory orders. Yes, he was quite sincere, that old bargee, and for that reason I have always thought more kindly of him than of all the rest of his grimacing brethren and sistren we saw along the banks of the canal that day. A spectacled student (though it is quite possible he was trying to put the same sentiment in politer language) was rather less convincing. 'English gentlemen,' he cried, drawing

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his loose-jointed frame up to its full height and glaring at the bridge of the Viceroy from under his peaked military cap, 'why do you come here?' That might have been intended for a protest, or, again, he may merely have been 'swanking' his linguistic accomplishments.

The bluejackets were splendid. There were places — notably at several industrial establishments where crowds of rather 'oncoming' girls in trousers exerted their blond witcheries to the full in endeavors to 'start something' — when the least sign of friendliness from the ship would undoubtedly have been met with glad acclaim. But not a British hand did I see lifted in response to the hundreds waved from the banks, while many a simpering grin died out as the moon-face behind it passed under the steady stare of the imperturbable sailors lining the rails of the steadily steaming warships.

The length of the Kiel Canal is just under a hundred kilometres (about sixty miles), so that — at the speed of ten kilometres an hour to which we were limited — the passage required about ten hours, exclusive of the time spent in locking in and out. As it was an hour after dawn when we began the passage at Brünsbuttel, the short winter day was not long enough to make it possible to reach the other end in daylight. By five o'clock darkness had begun to settle over the waters, and the gray mists, piling ever thicker in the narrow notch between the hills, deepened through violet to purple before taking on the black opacity of the curtain of the night. Then the lights came on — parallel rows of incandescents narrowing to mist-softened wedges of blurred brightness ahead and astern — and we continued cleaving our easy effortless way through the ebony water.

The blank squares of lighted villa windows heralded the approach to Kiel; then factories, black, still, and stagnant, with the tracery of overhead cranes and the bulk of tall chimneys showing dimly through the mist; then the locks. As the difference between the canal level and the almost tideless Baltic is only a matter of inches, locking-out was an even more expeditious operation than locking-in from the Elbe at the other end. There was just time to note that the Kaiser Wilhelm mosaic, there as at Brünsbuttel, had been scrubbed up bright and clean for the occasion, when the gates ahead folded inward and the way into the Baltic was open. Half an hour later, after steaming slowly across a harbor past many moored warships, we were tying up alongside the Hercules, where she had come to anchor a mile off Kiel dockyard.

The fog lifted during the night, and for an hour or two the following morning there were even signs that our long-lost friend, the sun, was struggling to show his face through the sinister shoals of cumulo-nimbus banked frowningly across the southeastern heavens. It was evident dirty weather was brewing, but for the moment Kiel and its harbor were revealed in all their loveliness. Completely landlocked from the open Baltic, the beautiful little fjord disclosed a different prospect in whichever direction one turned his eyes. The famous Kaiserliche Yacht Club was close at hand over the port quarter of the Hercules, with a grove of cypress and a villa-bordered strand opening away to the right. The airy filigree of lofty cranes revealed the location of what had been Europe's greatest naval dockyard, while masses of red roofs disclosed the heart of Kiel itself. Heavily wooded hills, still green, rippled along the sky-line on the opposite side of the

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fjord, with snug little bays running back into them at frequent intervals as they billowed away toward the Baltic entrance. Singularly attractive even in winter, it must have been a veritable yachtsman's paradise in summer. Recalling the marshes and the bogs of the Jade, I marveled at the restraint of the German naval officer whom I had heard say that he and his wife 'much *preferred* Kiel to Wilhelmshaven.'

The warships in the harbor proved far less impressive by daylight than at night. Looming up through the mists in the darkness, they had suggested the presence of a formidable fleet. Now they appeared as obsolescent hulks, from several of which even the guns had been removed. There was not a modern capital ship left in Kiel; in fact, the only warship of any class which could fairly lay claim to that designation was the Regensburg, which had managed to push her broken nose through the canal and was now lying inshore of us, apparently alongside some sort of a quay or dock. The most interesting naval craft (if such a term could be applied to it) in sight was a submarine-lifting dock, anchored a cable's length on the port beam of the Hercules, but even that — as was proved on inspection — was far from being the latest thing of its kind.

The British ships were the object of a good deal of interest, especially during the early hours of the day while the fog held off. Various and sundry small craft put off with parties to size us up at close range, among these — significant commentary on the fact that at everyone of the conferences, including the one in session at that very moment, the Germans had advanced 'petrol shortage' as the reason why cars could not be provided to reach this or that station — being a number of motor launches. As all of these appeared to be in the hands of 'white-banded' sailors or dockyard 'mateys,' the inference might have been drawn that the petrol used was not under the control of the naval authorities; but so many of the other 'reasons' advanced to discourage, if not obstruct, inspections which the Germans, for one reason or another, did not want to have made, turned out to be fictitious, that one was tempted to believe that 'the absolute lack of petrol' was on all fours with the rest of them.

Most of these excursion parties kept at a respectful distance, but there was one launch-load of men and girls from the docks which persisted in circling close to the ships, and even in coming up under the stern of the Hercules and offering to exchange cap ribbons. The two-word reply of one of the blue-jackets to these overtures would hardly do to print, but its effect was crushing. Nothing but poor steering prevented that launch from taking the shortest course back to the dockyard landing.

The German Naval Armistice Commission which came off to the Hercules at Kiel to discuss arrangements for inspection in the Baltic differed from that at Wilhelmshaven only in a few of the subordinate members. Rear-Admiral Goette continued to preside, with the tall, blond Von Müller, of the first Emden, and the shifty, pasty-faced Hintzmann, of the General Staff at Berlin, as his chief advisers. Commander Lohmann still presided over the German sub-commission for shipping, but there was a new officer in charge of 'air' arrangements. This latter individual was one of the most 'Hunnish' Huns we had anything to do with, as we had ample opportunity of learning in the course of the visits to Warnemünde and Rügen.

That the German Commission had been 'stiffened' under the influence of

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new forces at Kiel was evident from the opening of the conference; in fact, a good part of this opening Baltic sitting was devoted to reducing them to the same state of 'sweet reasonableness' in which they had risen from the closing sitting at Wilhelmshaven. One of the most astonishing of their contentions arose in connection with three unsurrendered U-boats, which had been discovered in the course of warship inspection at Wilhelmshaven. Asked when these might be expected ready to proceed to Harwich, Admiral Goette replied that his government did not consider themselves under obligation to deliver the boats at all. The justification advanced for this remarkable stand constituted one of the most delightful instances of characteristic Hun reasoning that developed in the course of the visit. This was the gist of it: 'We agreed to deliver all U-boats in condition to proceed to sea in the first fourteen days of the armistice,' contended the Germans; 'but — although we do not deny that the three boats in question *should* have been delivered in that period — the fact that they were not so delivered releases us from the obligation to deliver them now. As evidence of our good faith, however, we propose that these vessels be disarmed and remain in German ports.'

The Germans had so thoroughly convinced themselves that this fantastic interpretation would be accepted by the Allied Commission that Admiral Goette did not consider himself able to concede Admiral Browning's demand (that the three U-boats should be surrendered at once) without referring the matter back to Berlin. Definite settlement, indeed, was not arrived at until the final conference nearly a week later, and by then news had been brought of several score U-boats completed, or nearing completion, in the yards of the Elbe and the Weser.

There was no phase of the Allied Commission's activities which some endeavor was not made to obstruct or circumscribe in the course of this opening session at Kiel. The German sub-commission for shipping reported that their government did not feel called upon to grant the claim of the Allies for the return of the vessels seized as prizes; the inability to arrange for special trains and the lack of petrol would make it impossible to reach certain air stations by land, while, so far as the experimental station at Warnemünde was concerned, the armistice did not give the Allies the right to visit it at all; as for the Great Belt forts, they were already disarmed, and really not worth the trouble of inspecting anyway.

And so it went through some hours, the upshot of it being that the Germans, as at Wilhelmshaven, 'vowing they would ne'er consent, consented.' Merchant-ship inspection commenced that afternoon, and continued throughout the remainder of the stay at Kiel, as one steamer after another came in from this or that Baltic port and dropped anchor. The following day search of the numerous old warships was started, and the day after that word came that the way had even been cleared for the inspection of the great experimental seaplane station at Warnemünde. For the first time there was promise that the work of the Commission would be completed within the period of the original armistice.

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AN ALSATIAN EPISODE

BY VICTOR GUSTAVE PLARR

'EN AVANT,' said Monsieur to his horse.

Since passing the southern frontier the ride had been hard, for Monsieur was racing for life. Monsieur knew himself to be very ill: a rigor was upon him.

An hour or two ago he had drunk a glass of wine, red wine, and it had turned within him. And now a blackness and a great chill seemed creeping through his veins in place of the pleasant civilizing glow that the famous *vin d'Ottrott* used to instill. He had said good-bye to the old peasant woman, who had handed him the glass, as one who says farewell for the last time.

There were before him twelve more miles as we count them in England. The stout, shabby, ever-faithful road-horse would hold out. The question was, would the rider?

And to think that he had all those lovely Sienna fabrics in a long horse portmanteau strapped behind him! — those exquisite fabrics of Sienna, which he intended the peasant women of Alsace should wear in exchange for their own costume.

Monsieur came of a long line of art dyers. He adored color, and Alsace is a land of color and of form, and stands apart in this from France and Germany, as André Hallays truly contends. Monsieur admired the Alsatians' costume, with the grand falling bow, but he was convinced that the bright saffron, the peach-bloom pink, the dusky gold, the azure and the emerald green of the Siennese would look better on the persons of Kättele and her female kindred.

Ahi! there was the pain again — the blackness in the veins. *En avant!*

Yes, the Siennese dress would be charming. And what an immense commercial deal its introduction would mean for him! He had brought specimens enough in his long ride from Italy — *ahi* — *ah* — *cette angoisse!*

He would go to Herff & Josephs, the commercial men!

Ah, but he was deep in their debt! Well, and if he were? Now, perhaps, they might come to terms,— they might even consent to waive the large sum owed them,— the thirty thousand francs. They might stand in with him in this matter of the fabrics from Sienna, and his fortune would be made. It remained to be seen. Or — and he shifted uneasily in his saddle — would he be very ill first? Would he ever get well?

If only he could set eyes again on the old house — the ancient house in the town — the smallest, yet oldest, house in the street of the *Patriciat*, where all the shapely roofs, with that wonderful pitch of theirs, suggestive of the high black bows of the women, nod in a sort of stately harmony over the dark deep *rue*, where there are sometimes smells of drainage, but in the old *salons*, more marquetry, more tall mirrors, more carven *armoires*, and chairs with arabesques on them of trumpets with wide mouths, and slim drums, and garlands, and open music books, than you shall see anywhere, save perhaps in the *Faubourg* of the aristocracy in Paris!

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'*Allons, mon Néron.*'

That was the name of the faithful horse. He made another effort.

They would be waiting down there in the doorway — the two, the little boy with the golden hair and Madame.

He had timed his arrival for that evening. He was arriving on the day (but not at the hour, though he forgot this) to take to his bed — perhaps to die.

Yes, the ancient house, where his ancestors the Senators and Magistrates of the city had lived and died, where his own father, the unconscionable Jacobin, had departed this life in retirement, after the scandal of the Terror, during which he had governed the city, and sat on committees, and signed edicts, only to be turned out in Thermidor!

It was the old house he was striving to reach, the house within the gates. Not the new house outside. *They* were there; it was better for them to be in the town in the winter. It was November, then. *Ahi, cette douleur!*

It had been this way. The new house in the midst of the little old estate just one kilometre from the *Porte Nationale* — the new house with the new mills had not been paid for, but it had cost what Herff & Josephs had lent, and more. And the old house in town had been given as chief security. And there was a tangle in the whole affair not honorable to the lenders.

'*En avant, mon beau Néron!*'

They would be standing waiting there — *le petit* and Madame! And they would look so pretty and so lovingly expectant! He had brought presents for them — for the boy, an Italian ship with a high stem and stern. The child would perhaps never see the sea, living right there, as he would do, in the middle of Europe. But Monsieur had seen it at Genoa, and were not the Alsatians naval in the sense that they had once yearly paid for the building of a ship against the English? Ah, those English! Lovers of freedom, *tout de même.* For Madame, there was a charming Siennese *parure* in coral and gold with a silver comb forming part of it. She would look a little stern perhaps. She was such a good woman of business, and things had not been going very well of late. He had seemed foolish, for he had been unlucky. But now ——

They would be standing there, looking so pretty and expectant. And not without affection! He had been falling in love with his wife since their marriage five years ago. Theirs had been a *mariage de convenance*, the second marriage attempted by him, so to speak.

He saw Madame and child in the doorway of the old house! But, *oh, misère*, the doorstep under their feet and the lintel over their heads were mortgaged. '*En avant!*'

Had anyone but Monsieur ever noticed that the date on the lintel was '1590'? Did people ever notice such things?

Well, now he could not claim that his clan had lived there quite since 1590, but only since the days of *Le Roi Soleil*, when an ancestor, one hot noonday, had turned up in his wandering years, and, looking pale and interesting, had touched the heart of the young damsel who came to the door in answer to his modest knocking.

The girl was the Guild Master's daughter, and he had vowed in his heart to marry her at that first interview. And marry her he did. And in due time the pair had bought the old estate without the gate, with its curious burgage tenure and privileges ratified by *Le Roi en son Conseil.*

And now he had built the pretty new house there — and was in debt

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for it. And yet it was to have proved such a gold mine to a man of many inventions.

Ah — ah — that shoot of pain in the left side and across to the lungs! Thank God, a light ahead — an inn!

'Cognac, in the name of *miséricorde!*'

'*Mais, Monsieur*, charmed to see you again; but Monsieur is tired — ill.'

'Dying.'

'Ah, no! Monsieur looks pale and ill; but dying? Ah, no! He is tired — has ridden too far! Perhaps from the Ban de la Roche?'

'From Sienna, but with hardly a pause! And returning home, if not to die, then to be very sick in bed! Cognac, cognac!'

'Here, Schambediss! Ammerei! Hansjerri! Here, you heretics! Cognac! A large glass! Quick, quick, quick!'

The good landlord clapped his hands with Alsatian irritability.

Ammerei burst forth from the half-timbered house — a magnificent melancholy Alsatian of the type painted at random in 1870 by an artist whose name I forget, but who, taking almost any of the finer Franco-Iberian country girls at the foot of the Vosges for his model, produced the type of Alsace in defeat.

She curtsied elaborately, for was not Monsieur *hautement placé* in her eyes? Yet she succeeded in not spilling a large glass of cognac, which Monsieur drained at one draught.

Aha! he felt better then. He addressed her in the kindly old *patois* — for she had no French — called for yet another goblet, and another for his host, conversed, said '*Yo*,'— which is a word the Bretons use. It means in Alsace 'Yes,'— 'but I'm too weary to argue the point.'

'*Yo*,' was in answer to a question about the horse. Should the horse have oats and water? Oh, of course.

The horse was liberally supplied. Both he and his rider felt better. The blackness in Monsieur's veins recoiled. He felt a glow where the dread chills had played. He gripped the saddle between his knees. The old brave horse ambled ahead.

'*Au revoir, mes amis! En avant, Néron!*'

He left his hosts mystified. Well-nigh half a litre of cognac! Certainly Monsieur, though so learned in the champagne business and reputed at one time to have been a *prétendant* for the hand of the daughter of Monsieur le Baron Moët, whom the great Napoleon delighted to honor, had always hitherto been most decorous in his calls at this house. He had never before drunk cognac like a fish — like a Milord — like a Suabian! Surely Monsieur must be ill; and then, too, his horse had not been going well. Why had not Schambediss got him a fresh mount? The mule would have served.

'Hi there, you leg-of-a-table!'

'Heretic' and 'leg-of-a-table' are time-honored terms of abuse in Alsace.

Jean Baptiste was not to be found, but from a neighboring stable his voice came warbling that immortal quatrain, which some peasant of Alsace, an unconscious Catullus, once composed. Englished and somewhat paraphrased from the quaint original, which the Prussian officials, and the German Jews, and other invading miscreants so despised, it runs thus:

> I am fair, thou art fair,
> But who has Lena's glorious hair?
> I am fine, thou art fine,
> But who equals Katharine?

Goethe, a German of the better epoch, probably appreciated this poem when he wrote of *Strasbourgeois*.

Monsieur heard an echo of the song as his old stout horse lapsed from an amble into its weary walk not a hundred yards from the tavern precincts.

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But though the walk had been resumed, Monsieur's wits had not ceased to amble, for the wine had caused them to glow.

He meditated on Herff & Josephs. Oh, the rogues! How humiliating were those visits to them and such as they! There was young Monsieur Josephs now, in the *cabinet de travail*, when you called, a youth with the beauty of face of that young fellow of his race, who so perversely — for this is the French point of view — resisted the fascinations of Potiphar's wife!

Josephs would usher you to a chair. Oh, dear, why was there a sameness about all those chairs? They are covered with the ghost of red velvet: they are *rapées*. You sit in the chair; Josephs of the beautiful face is affable, and oh, so easy. All will be set right. Then you say good-bye, glad that the dirty business has been so pleasant.

Later, after months of trouble, you stumble up the dark stairs to Herff & Josephs — you, the descendant of Senators and honest Magistrates of the old, free city. But Josephs is not there. Herff is, instead — grumpy, horrible, obscene. He insists on his terms. Calling himself a financier, quite on the respectable level of your own banker, he is really the insolent Jew, rejoicing in your discomfiture. You stumble off, dive downstairs, half-skinned, and wonder how Christ and Isaiah came to be Hebrews.

Well, the rogues might listen to reason now, and all would be well. To think that the old house, the ancestral house, had become security to those rascals in order that the new might be built!

Ah, there it was — the new house, its finely poised roof with the rows of *lucarnes* gleaming in the moon above the trees!

There had been many pleasant days over there. Now let us see. There was the fun of publishing the *Patriote* in manuscript in the long winter days when the snow lay deep and white, and the passage of a cat over an outhouse roof remained, a track of dark dots, unmelted for weeks. The *Patriote* went round to friends in town. It was very amusing — written so pompously like a gazette. And all the work of Monsieur! Yes, persiflage was his forte, though he said it that should not!

If only pain could be treated in a spirit of raillery. Ah, ah, oy, yoi, yoi! — a twinge then — only one.

And there were the trees of the little grove, which must have been planted long ago by the old knights. They had had their preceptory there. What manner of men can they have been? Their fountain-basin was in the middle of the grove. It was dry now, of course. And the last of their hawks' descendants built in the trees overhead. Yes, the grove may once have been a falconry. There were some fields of maize and tobacco round about, but hardly ever a hare or a partridge in or about them. And yet Monsieur was so fond of his gun — such a Nimrod!

How dark the grove looked over there despite the moon! Oh, a queer place! The children were so fond of it, and they were always running round the parapet of *le bassin*, as the fountain basin was called. The circumference of the *bassin* seemed enormous to them. It might have had a diameter of some half-dozen yards. Overhead were the great horse-chestnuts, and the young men climbed in their branches, and Monsieur and the elder gentlemen played ninepins in the dry enclosure of the ancient fountain of the knights. Why now, at times the grove *était une vraie fourmillière*. Such merry parties! And always excellent red Ottrott, the incomparable Alsatian wine, and other wines, white and red! And the queer English tea and *orgeat* for the ladies

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who mostly sat on the six-legged sofa or the ancient chairs in the roomy *gloriette*, the summer-house by the riverside.

There was the grand occasion of the Easter Hare! That *was* a day! All the friends' and neighbors' children came. Dear creatures! How fond Monsieur was of children, to be sure. He had constructed the hare out of a real pelt with authentic ears. There was a cardboard tube inside its body, and the children had believed that it actually laid Easter eggs of many colors. Madame had instilled eggs into it while he struck it with a wand.

What a lot of toys he had made for what a number of children in his time! He loved toys — their bright colors, their gracious outlines, the deftness needed in their construction. Strasburg was the city of noble toys. Whole houses were devoted to them, and old citizens with leisure would turn their tenements into giant dolls' houses, a joy to young and old. Why, to be sure, there was one such house near his own, where a large room opening out of the *salon* had become a huge dolls' house. It was the most perfect thing of its kind. The dolls wore three-cornered hats and were as large as babies, and the whole thing had become an object of worship in the house, engrossing its inhabitants, who lived for it in rooms curtailed of space. Children heard it spoken of by other children, longed to see it with their own bright eyes, felt inferior to bigger brothers and sisters till they had gazed on the marvel themselves. And the elders always liked to visit it, too. Droll elders! Is not Strasburg perhaps the only city where in the sunny Middle Ages they found time to name one street solemnly 'The Street of Children's Play,' and another 'The Street of the Blue Clouds'?

Perhaps the famous clock in the cathedral, with its cockcrow at midday and its twelve Apostles, and infinite, complex machinery still keeping French time all through the weary years from 1871 onward — perhaps the famous clock had something to do with this sweet love of mechanism and colored quaintnesses. Or the storks, those curious decorative birds!

Ah, there is the nest of one above Monsieur as he rides — a vast tuft of twigs on a wide old chimney-top close to the road, less than twenty feet up in air. A moon-ray fell upon it. The sleeping birds were not visible.

Monsieur was close home, had passed the village where Dagobert's palace had been, and the cemetery of St. Gall, which became a Prussian battery during the terrible siege of 1870.

Encore un effort!

But trusty Néron needed no reminder. He snuffed his stable and broke into a trot.

They were through Vauban's beautiful old gate by now, that shapely gate with the château tower which the bombs of '70 destroyed. It stood open that night in November 1821. There was no war then. Louis XVIII was on the throne, and the great exile of St. Helena had died on the 5th of May.

Ah, one more effort over the rough cobblestones of the Faubourg National, and all would be over! Up the long Grande Rue, past the canals and the water towers on the right, past the cathedral, cynosure of Strasburg, on the left, rising tall and mystic in the night, its fine red sandstone contours and lovely sculptures, round portal and western front veiled in gloom — past these and Monsieur clattered into the ancestral street.

Yes, there was a light in one of the little square windows under the widely overhanging upper story. He saw Madame's profile — a somewhat aquiline outline, not lacking in dignity.

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At last! Husband and wife embraced, and he tottered in under the old date — 1590. A great faintness came upon him.

. . . . . .

In the quaint yet graceful English which his son wrote in the land of his adoption sixty years later, when the ancestral house had gone into other hands and the country house had been burned by the Prussians, stands recorded this:

'His death occurred in the house . . . in the Rue des Veaux. I was then two years and three months old. I remember dimly — the only remembrance of my life there — that one day my mother, holding me by the hand, opened a door into another room, and there I saw a figure lying on the bed with a pale countenance, the head covered with a white cap, and after this single peep allowed to me, my mother shut the door again. It was my father, as I cannot doubt. Was he then sleeping? Was he already asleep forever? I cannot make it out; I was not told; my mother was silent; and for years I forgot all about it, but the remembrance every now and then dawned on me like a flash without conveying any meaning to me. It is only in later times that I began to guess. . . .'

Dick Steele tells a similar story in the *Tatler*.

The Anglo-French Review

THE HAWK

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

Brown hills and bare, blue fields of air,
That fold me with my love;
There in the sun make us two one,
Yon hawk on guard above.

With keen bright eye he'll watch us lie
Lapt in the golden weather,
And spread his wings o'er two poor things
Whom love has knit together.

With wings spread wide he'll slant and glide
From windy height to height,
And while he hovers keep for two lovers
A wary eye and bright.

The New Statesman

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

UNEMPLOYMENT AND WASTE IN ENGLAND

Two striking stories of demobilized officers which have become known quite recently afford melancholy illustrations of the difficulties which confront men of exceptional ability on their return to civil life. Sir Douglas Haig introduced an unwonted note of reality at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy by his reference to an officer who, having earned during the war, the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order, and the Military Cross, has been trudging in vain through the streets of London in search of employment. And it is useless to ignore the fact that this case is only rather more extreme than that of many other young men who have proved their worth and their powers of leadership in France, and are now unable to find any occupation that gives them scope. Another instance, reported from Cardiff, is scarcely less discouraging. Mr. Arthur Richings, who before the war was an ordinary constable in the Cardiff police, has just been demobilized at the end of a military career which is nearly unique. Gaining his commission on the field at the end of 1917, he had risen to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by the beginning of this year, and he had won, besides the Military Cross, the French Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honor. He has now returned to Cardiff to resume his former duties as a simple constable.

It is not easy to say which of the two stories is the more disquieting. Is it more pitiable that an officer who has won every decoration for valor that the British Army can bestow should find the greatest difficulty in securing suitable civil employment, or that a man who has proved himself capable of rising from the ranks to hold an extremely important command in the field, should, at the end of the war, revert to a position in which there is no scope for his special abilities? It is true that a man with so fine a record of war service is not likely to be overlooked for such promotion as is open to the lower ranks of the police; but it is nothing less than scandalous that his services should not be rewarded at once with adequate responsibility, and we trust that proper scope will be found at once for Colonel Richings if he desires to remain a member of the force. But the most serious aspect of such cases is its bearing on the generally optimistic survey which Sir Robert Horne lately presented to Parliament. It is a fine achievement, certainly, that the Ministry of Labor should have been able to absorb three million demobilized workers already into peace-time employment. But what proportion of that imposing total is made up of cases as unsatisfactory as that of Colonel Richings?

We have never ceased to urge that a spirit of genuine optimism, which faces every difficulty squarely with a brave determination to overcome it, is absolutely essential to any comprehensive effort at national reconstruction But the false optimism that blinds it self to facts and tries to belittle the gravity of every difficult situation or to ignore its dangers, is an influence that can only lead to disaster. Official complacency is a far more serious danger than any amount of nervous

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apprehension on the part of the public. And though Sir Robert Horne has shown more energy and resource than Mr. Austen Chamberlain, his analysis of the existing situation requires to be read with a great deal of caution. He was, of course, perfectly justified in pointing out that the world's markets are still very largely shut. The Central Empires and Russia used to take a quarter of our total exports, and Australia, New Zealand, China, and Japan, which are still almost inaccessible through lack of shipping, used to take another quarter. But while the shortage of ships may be made good fairly soon, it may be long before Central and Eastern Europe have recovered sufficiently from the present war to resume anything like their former trade or even to supply raw materials.

Meanwhile, we have a million unemployed, of whom nearly half are women. The removal of the blockade and the expansion of industry will absorb part of this mass of labor, but it is useless to hope that considerable unemployment will not continue into the winter. The government cannot say that, after a certain time limit, which can only be an arbitrary date, it disclaims all further responsibility for securing a minimum subsistence to tens of thousands of unemployed workers. There was never any possible alternative to granting the unemployment donation, and by all appearance, we are fast approaching a situation in which the government must undertake to guarantee some such subsidy to all classes of laborers who are without employment through no fault of their own. The problem of unemployment is not new, and will always be with us. By the end of the summer it is quite possible that the total of unemployed will be more or less the same as that which existed in any slack year before the war. But we cannot now revert to the chaos and the callous indifference to widespread destitution which was almost a normal condition before the war. In this, as in so many other directions, the war has so altered conditions, and has forced the State to undertake such responsibilities in regard to the working classes, that reforms which had no chance of passing into law at that time are now recognized as a necessity. The system of doles, cannot, of course, be continued as it stands. There must be a complete system of compulsory unemployment insurance which will enable each trade to provide adequate relief during its own periods of depression.

Much of the criticism that has been directed against the unemployment donation has been either mischievous or misinformed. Apart from domestic service, there is no important instance of any widespread abuse of this donation, and there have probably been more cases of injustice in withholding it from workers who refused unfair wages than of its being drawn by men or women who were not entitled to it. The mere suggestion that anyone could live affluently on 20*s*. a week, with the present level of prices, is, on the face of it, ridiculous. With the assistance of the local Advisory Committees and with the lessons of its first experience, the government now possesses the machinery for administering the scheme with fairness and with economy. But the scheme itself is obviously not enough to meet the situation, and the government has not even yet formulated any adequate constructive policy. The best that can be said in its favor is that it has promised that by the end of this month practically all restrictions on trade will have been withdrawn.

There is one simple programme that the government should carry out at

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once. There should be a small expert committee at the Ministry of Labor to which all cases like that of Colonel Richings could be referred, which would act as a sort of specialized labor exchange for men of proved ability in the war who have taken temporary employment in which they are wasted, and who should be on a special list to which enlightened employers would eagerly refer. It is only natural that many anomalies should have arisen in so swift a transference of labor from one sort of employment to another; and it is not to be expected that now, any more than at other times, every man of ability will find his proper place without a struggle. But the government can do much to assist with the enormous machinery at its disposal. And if it does all that it should to facilitate the demobilized men in starting their lives anew, we need have no doubt that their own energy and patriotism will do the rest.

Everyman

FINANCIAL ASPECTS OF THE PEACE TREATY

In spite of the fairly exhaustive summary of the financial terms of the Peace Treaty which have been cabled from Paris there are several points which have yet to be cleared up. In the first place, it is not perfectly clear whether, in addition to the £5,000,000,000 referred to later, Germany undertakes responsibility for every kind of claim for financial reparation approved by a commission, but it is to be presumed that such is the interpretation of the summary of the treaty. Otherwise the sum named would, of course, be absurdly inadequate. We should rather imagine, however, the position to be that the *minimum* indemnity is £5,000,000,000, *plus* any total of claims for damages in excess of that figure, while in addition Germany is called upon to repay all sums borrowed by Belgium from the Allies — a sum believed to be about £250,000,000. In the second place, we have still to learn the manner in which the £5,000,000,000 is to be divided up among the claimants. That, of course, is no part of the Peace Treaty itself, and is concerned with the arrangements entered into between the Allies. All the same, without a knowledge of that it is difficult, speaking from the British standpoint, to determine as to the adequacy of the financial demands upon Germany.

On another page will be found a full summary of the terms of the treaty, but expressed in the fewest words, its financial details, so far as may be gleaned from the official summary — the entire treaty is not yet to hand — are as follows: Germany accepts responsibility for and undertakes to make compensation for all damages caused to civilians during the war under seven main categories, which are set out in the full summary of the treaty. These categories appear to be sufficiently comprehensive to cover any kind of reasonable claim which a civilian might make, and so far the treaty is on sound lines. These claims are to be investigated during the next year or two by an inter-Allied Reparation Commission, and Germany is to be notified not later than the 1st of May, 1921, of the claims which have arisen.

As regards the £5,000,000,000 itself, it would seem that the first £1,000,000,000 sterling, which is to be handed over within two years, is to be paid actually in gold, goods, or ships, as required by the Allies, and the latter are to have the right of deducting out of this first amount such sum as may be required to pay for foodstuffs sent into the country, Germany presumably being called upon to make up the amount at

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the earliest moment. Moreover, it is also expressly stipulated that Germany will be required to pay the total cost of the armies of occupation from the date of the armistice so long as these armies are maintained in German territory, the cost to be a first charge on German resources.

With regard to the balance, £2,000-000,000, bearing 2 1-2 per cent interest are to be paid over to the commission in the form of bonds bearing 2 1-2 per cent interest between 1921 and 1926, and thereafter 5 per cent, with 1 per cent sinking fund, payment to begin in 1926, while Germany is to undertake to deliver a final 40,000,000,000 marks gold bearing 5 per cent interest under terms yet to be fixed by the commission. This Reparation Commission is to consist of one delegate from each of the following countries: America, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium, while other allied powers are entitled when their claims are under consideration to right of representation without voting power. It is to fall to the lot of this commission to determine not merely the procedure in connection with the payments of these installments making up the £5,000,000,000, but to formulate the schedule of individual claims for damage. Germany is also to have the right to give evidence with regard to her capacity to pay, and she is promised in the treaty a 'just hearing.' The commission, which is to have its headquarters in Paris, will have general control of the whole reparation problem, and will be the exclusive agents of the Allies in the matter of reparation payments. As regards pre-war debts, a clearing house is to be established within three months in Germany, and in each allied or associated state, and the settlement of pre-war debts is to take place through those offices, any direct settlement being prohibited.

Of even greater importance in some respects than the monetary payments to be made by Germany is the undertaking she is called upon to enter into to replace the tonnage of merchant ships, fishing boats, etc., lost or damaged during the war. She is to cede to the Allies all merchant ships of 1,600 tons gross and upward, one half of her ships between 1,600 and 1,000 tons gross, and one fourth of her steam trawlers and other fishing boats. Delivery has, moreover, to be effected within three months, and in addition Germany is called upon to build merchant ships for account of the Allies to an amount not exceeding 200,000 tons gross annually during the next five years. And if the penance should seem to be heavy, a recollection of the damage inflicted will show that it is in reality a comparatively light one. Only in our last issue our Amsterdam correspondent summarized the shipping losses during the war as amounting to over 14,000,000 tons, of which about 12,250,000 belonged to the Allies, and no less than 9,000,000 to the British Empire. Even, therefore, if Germany fulfills to the letter this portion of the requirements of the Peace Treaty the Allies will only have received a mere fraction of the losses which they have sustained.

These, briefly stated, are the main outlines of the financial demands which have been made upon Germany, and in the city when the terms became known, having leaked out in various quarters, the feeling was general that, as expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence, Germany had been treated with leniency, though at the same time it was considered that from the standpoint both of Germany and of the Allies it might have been fairer and better altogether if, without so many details, provisions, and stipulations, the Allies had presented their demands

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in a bluffer and clearer manner for a round amount, to be delivered within specified periods, leaving it to Germany to devise the means of payment. If the process of gathering up the details of damage by the Reparation Commission — colossal work — is to be still further increased through challenge by the enemy of every individual claim put forward, the compilation of the schedule of claims seems likely to extend over an interminable period and to produce the maximum amount of friction.

And with regard to that portion of the indemnity to be accepted in German government bonds, its actual face value seems doubtful, though we gather that interest and sinking fund upon such bonds are to rank as a first charge upon German resources, and before the German internal war debt itself. But even so, it is difficult to gather how far even the £5,000,000,000 is a net payment, because it is stipulated in another part of the Treaty that where German territory is ceded (and this presumably applies to the German colonies) the powers are to 'assume certain portions of German pre-war debt, the amount to be fixed by the Reparation Commission on the basis of the ratio of the revenues of the ceded territories and Germany's total revenues for the three years preceding the war.' Germany's pre-war debt amounted approximately to £1,000,000,000, and it remains to be seen, therefore, how much of this debt is to be taken over, and will require to be set against the payment by Germany to the Allies in the shape of new bonds. Even in the case of the economic clauses of the treaty, Germany seems to have escaped lightly, for while some of the clauses preventing her from discriminating directly or indirectly against the trade of the allied or associated countries are stringent, they are only to remain in force for five years. Indeed, in more than one direction, the provisions of the Treaty as at present cabled, are most unpleasingly vague, and what is precisely to be understood from the clause to the effect that 'Germany undertakes to devote her economic resources directly to the physical restoration of invaded areas' it is quite impossible to say.

Just what proportion of the total of £5,000,000,000 — apart from special damages — will fall to be apportioned to this country remains to be seen. Rumor at present places the amount at £1,500,000,000, and if the inadequacy of Germany's reparation even for the financial damage she has inflicted needs demonstration it would be sufficient to glance at the injury inflicted upon Great Britain alone, to say nothing of what has befallen France and Germany's other near neighbors. Our national debt, which was £645,000,000 before the war, will have reached £8,000,000,000 before war expenditure concludes. We have parted with fully £1,000,000,000 sterling of our securities to America, we have incurred heavy external liabilities throughout the world, so that of the debt already mentioned something like £1,400,000,000 is owed abroad. Our favorable trade balance previous to the war has been converted into a great adverse trade balance, while we have experienced an upheaval in our commerce and finance, the ill-effects of which are not likely to disappear for a generation. Whatever else is not clear in the terms of the peace treaty, it is very evident that taxation in this country is not likely to be lightened in the near future by indemnity payments, while it cannot be long before fresh financial effort is called for by a new loan.

The Morning Post

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TALK OF EUROPE

HINDENBURG and Ebert have exchanged the following letters:

I

Sir: Peace negotiations having commenced, I beg to make the following statement to the Imperial Government:

'I have remained at the head of the army during various changes because I considered it my duty to serve the Fatherland in time of need. As soon as the preliminary peace has been concluded, I shall consider that my task is at an end. My desire then to retire into private life will, in view of my great age, be generally understood; all the more so as it is well known how difficult it is (remembering my views, my personality, and my past) to remain in office at the present time.'

(Sgd.) *'V. Hindenburg'*

II

'Sir: I note your resolve to retire from your office of head of the Chief Army Command as soon as the preliminary peace has been signed. While agreeing with your wish, I take the opportunity of expressing the undying thanks of the German nation for the great services you have rendered to the Fatherland, both now, and during the war. The German nation will never forget that in the most difficult times you remained at your post and placed yourself at the disposal of the Fatherland.'

(Sgd.) *'Ebert.'*

Commenting on these letters, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* adds:

'Hindenburg remained at his post. The fact that the highest leaders held out after Ludendorff and William II had gone facilitated considerably the maintenance of the last remnants of military order. The German people will also always reckon this fact among the great merits of Hindenburg. It would probably have been a great stroke of fortune for Germany if men like Hindenburg had been able to decide earlier and more easily to allow the ex-Kaiser to go, just as historical development has made this an absolute necessity. The efforts of the government to obtain the timely abdication of William II and his son were opposed by the statement that the army would go to pieces if it lost its Supreme War Lord. That was pure romanticism, easily explained by the military way of thinking of the Higher Command. It was a misfortune that the high leaders and staffs believed at that time that they had to bind their fate to that of the Kaiser.'

IT is good to come upon so outspoken a man as Herr Noske, the German 'keeper of the public peace.' Though, generally speaking, ideas can only be fought by ideas, the cult of terrorism can and ought to be fought with relentless force. In Danzig recently, Noske spoke against the activities of the Independents and the Spartacists. He said among other things:

'The members of our party must have the courage to oppose the actions of a minority in the factories. How is it that, although in a whole host of factories the members of my party form the majority, we see these masses allow themselves to be brought out of the factories on strike, under the watchwords, "Down with the Government!" and "Councils' Republic!" If an attempt is made to exercise terror, very well, then take a stick and defend yourselves. That is much simpler than if I had to call out the soldiers. Our people need only have courage, then they could defend themselves against terrorist incitement. It would be showing a lack of political backbone if I, purely from a sense of propriety, resign from the business, because a number of loud ranters there are the chief spokesmen. For my part, I shall take care that an end is put to such terrorist movements in the State industries, as far as it lies within my power. These are things which naturally do not endear me to a number of people. I tell myself

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repeatedly, however, that someone must clear away the whole rubbish, and as no one else comes forward, I do not see why I should not attempt to do it, as far as is possible. This will be my care as long as I occupy this position. Conflicts will be fought out because they must. I do not go so far as to bow to the wishes of any Workers' Council. In various industries where terrorism has been exercised — and a baser and more shameless terrorism can scarcely be imagined — I have had such Industrial Councils abolished, and I view the threat of strikes with cool self-possession. If I am to socialize the State industries, then it is sheer madness for these State industries to strike every three days. It is sheer madness to pay 2.40 marks per hour for an eight-hour day in State industries, if the factories are used as political tribunals. An essential condition for the eight-hour day is intensive work, otherwise we might as well have done with the whole of our socialization, and give up the attempt to compete in the world market. To make the State industries the battle-ground for agitations against the government is an evil, which I will not permit under any circumstances. As long as I have something to say, I shall say it. For this reason I have had the Spandau factories closed down entirely, and I shall see to it that they are reopened in a form in which the workers' interests will receive the necessary consideration. The same will be done in the case of the remaining State industries. We do not wish to be made the scapegoats of a political minority as a consequence of our own stupid forbearance.'

A JOURNALIST has interviewed that *papier maché* Cæsar, Kerensky, who is now living in retirement somewhere about London. Asked what he thought of the latest news concerning the régime of Lenine and Trotzky, M. Kerensky replied: 'I believe that the Bolsheviki are lost and that their autocracy will come to a sudden end. The Ukrainians are no longer in perfect agreement with Moscow, which is a fact of considerable importance from the point of view of the general revictualing.'

M. Kerensky considered that once the military objects of Admiral Kolchak had been attained he must not be left to be encircled by reactionary elements and former partisans of Tsarism. The rôle of the Allies, he said, would be, above all, to inspire Admiral Kolchak with a policy of reconciliation and to demand real guaranties from him for the setting up of a democratic government.

With regard to Poland, M. Kerensky declared: 'It is precisely the Russian people who proclaimed through the Intermediary or Provisional government, of which I had the honor to be the head, the independence of Poland. I repeat it. I am in favor of a free Poland, but it would be a crying injustice to annex Russian territories to the new Poland. If you really want to create a League of Nations, you must have a large conception of things; you must organize the world into great federalized bodies, in which America, Great Britain with her system of dominions, and France at the head of the Latin world, together with a reorganized Russia, may coöperate in the work of universal reconstruction. Without this there is no safety. If you maintain a régime of political repression, and if you re-drew the map with two thirds of Europe Balkanized, there will be anarchy and there will be war.'

ON his recent arrival in England, Lord Reading was asked about his impressions of the feeling existing in the United States. He replied that America was very anxious to get back to pre-war conditions, and was doing its best to speed the resumption of trade and industrial activities. 'Once the peace terms are signed,' he proceeded, 'it will be easier both in America and at home to devote time and energy to getting back to trade, and, let us hope in England, to increased productivity.

'The Americans are undoubtedly devoting far more of their attention to international trade than before the war. Indeed, it is not to be wondered at, as it is the necessary outcome of the present financial position of America as compared with the rest of the world and the increased American shipping. I see no reason from the British point of view for apprehensions that this competition will drive us out of the trade which we held before the war.

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It does mean, however, that we shall have to be prepared for greater effort, especially with the great burden of the debt we are now carrying. We must produce more than before the war in order to increase our wealth, and, of course, we must find markets for the extra products which we do not consume. Looking at the world as a whole and the countries that we are able to supply either with raw materials or manufactured goods I feel confident that the British Empire will continue to maintain its world position, and that there is room both for the increased American and British activities. It must take a very considerable time before Germany is in a position to make her competition felt in the foreign markets as in pre-war times.'

After his arrival in London the Earl of Reading gave an interview to representatives of the press. 'I come back from America,' he said, 'more convinced than ever that the future of the world depends in the main on the relations between ourselves and the States. There is no doubt that contact and intercourse between Americans and British have strengthened the ties between us, and deepened the attachment which is, after all, only the natural outcome of our common heritage, traditions, and ideals.

'Irish agitation has been the main cause of anti-British feeling in America. During the war it was quiescent, but as soon as hostilities ceased it again became evident, and it has undoubtedly increased in intensity. It would be folly,' he continued, 'not to recognize this fact, but at the same time it must be recognized that the vast majority of American people, by getting to know us better, have a deeper feeling for the British than ever before in our time.'

A CURIOUS little note on the early history of the war is to be found in a recent speech of Mr. Asquith's. Readers will recall that the responsibility for a shortage of shells was the great reproach leveled against the Asquith ministry.

'From the very first days of the war the position turned upon the adequate supply of munitions for our rapidly expanding forces, for Lord Kitchener, remember, was developing those great new armies with which his name will always be illustriously associated. This was the subject of serious solicitude to the government. So far back as the month of September, 1914, when the war was not a month old, I appointed a strong Cabinet committee, presided over by Lord Kitchener, on which, among others, the present Prime Minister and Lord Haldane were members to deal with the matter in all its aspects. That committee worked hard and continuously from the first. They gave orders wherever orders could be given, and they succeeded also in substantially enlarging both the field and the machinery of supply. That development of new methods of warfare on an unprecedented scale, far beyond the forecast of any expert in this or any other country upon which ammunition began to be expended in the winter and spring of 1915, increased the urgency of the situation, and the necessity for adding any prospective means of supply was acutely felt both by the Commander-in-Chief in the field and by Lord Kitchener. I, accordingly, as head of the government, resolved on taking an unusual step, and upon coming down here myself to urge upon the men of the Tyneside primarily, and through them upon the community at large, that an increase in the out-turn of munitions had become even more urgent than the growth in the volume of recruiting.

'But before I left London I made the most careful inquiry of the highest military authority whether it was true that up to that date our operations had been crippled or seriously hampered by lack of munitions. I was assured by Lord Kitchener who informed me that he had been the day before in London in direct personal communication with Sir John French that that was not the case; and it was on the strength of that assurance — and I do not know where else I could have gone for authentic information — that I made that statement which has been so much quoted. Was it for me, or for anyone in my position, to question or to doubt the accuracy of that statement? How could I? Being given to me in the highest of all authority, I should have been wanting in

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my duty if I had not imparted it to the country.

'That statement, as I have said, was carefully limited to the past. Our anxiety as to the future I pointed out, and you will forgive my going into this in some detail, because this is one of the grossest calumnies, among many gross calumnies, that have been circulated during the war. I pointed out the sacrifices that were required both from masters and men, the necessity, for the time, of the limitation of profits and the suspension of trade union rules and customs in order to draw in from the outside of skilled men to take the place of those who had voluntarily gone to the front, and of broadening the basis of the production of munitions by utilizing works devoted to other purposes, and I summed up in terms which I will quote textually: I venture to say that not one in one hundred thousand of those who have referred to my speech have ever read the words I used at the time. What were they? They are on record, and they are these:

'"There is not a single naval or military authority among us who of the approximate and prospective requirements does not declare that a large and rapid increase in the output of munitions has become one of the first necessities of the State."

'And this is the only peroration I attempted: "This, then, I say, what, in the name of your King and country we ask you to do, is to deliver the goods." Ladies and gentlemen, I am glad to have this opportunity of telling you that that is a speech in which I am charged with lulling the nation into a sense of false security, and I am glad also to remember — and I have abundant evidence to prove it — that that speech had precisely the effect which it was intended to produce.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Arthur Machen, novelist and short story writer, is perhaps the most delicate stylist of the group who achieved fame in the 'nineties.

* * *

Dr. J. F. Muirhead is the English editor of the English editions of Baedeker, and the author of Baedeker's *United States.*

Theodore Maynard, a poet of distinction, forms one of the Conservative and Nationalist group centring on the *New Witness.*

* * *

Lewis A. Freeman, R.N.V.R., is an American by birth, but has served during the war as an officer of the British Grand Fleet.

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CINEMA HERO

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

O, this is more than fiction! It's the truth
That somehow never happened. Pay your bob,
And walk straight in, abandoning To-day.
(To-day's a place outside the picture-house;
Forget it, and the film will do the rest.)

There's nothing fine in being as large as life:
The splendor starts when things begin to move
And gestures grow enormous. That's the way
To dramatize your dreams and play the part
As you'd have done if luck had starred your face.

I'm 'Rupert from the Mountains'!
(Pass the stout) . . .
Yes, I'm the Broncho Boy we watched to-night,
That robbed a ranch and galloped down the creek.
(Moonlight and shattering hoofs . . .
O, moonlight of the West!
Wind in the gum-trees, and my swerving mare
Beating her flickering shadow on the post.)

Ah, I was wild in those fierce days! You saw me
Fix that saloon? They stared into my face
And slowly put their hands up, while I stood
With dancing eyes — romantic to the world!

Things happened afterwards . . .
You know the story . . .
The sheriff's daughter, bandaging my head;
Love at first sight; the escape; and making good
(To music by Mascagni). And at last —
Peace; and the gradual beauty of my smile.

. . . . . .

But that's all finished now. One has to take
Life as it comes. I've nothing to regret.
For men like me, the only thing that counts
Is the adventure. Lord, what times I've had!

. . . . . .

God and King Charles! And then my mistress's arms. . . .
(To-morrow evening I'm a Cavalier.)

. . . . . .

Well, what's the news to-night —. about the strike?

Land and Water

THE WOMAN OF INNESKEAN

BY MABEL HINTON

What if I do haunt secret places
And cairns?
What if I do?
I ain't got no childer. There's many things worse'n toads.
'Horny,' said you? Well, so am I.
Winds howl, too, when I'm not near.
I'm not ashamed.
There's voices in any winds for anyone who'd listen,
No snake'll sting unless you're frightened of it.
I'm not a witch. Why should I be?
I know no secrets save of eggs and nests
And things dead people say.
And what bats tell me in owl-light under eaves —
What harm's in that?
Why can't I cross a river?
You brutes, you brutes! Could you if you were blind?

The New Witness

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